Judge

JULY 27, 1918

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NOTICE TO READER.

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NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS

The Nation's Perpetual Smileage Book

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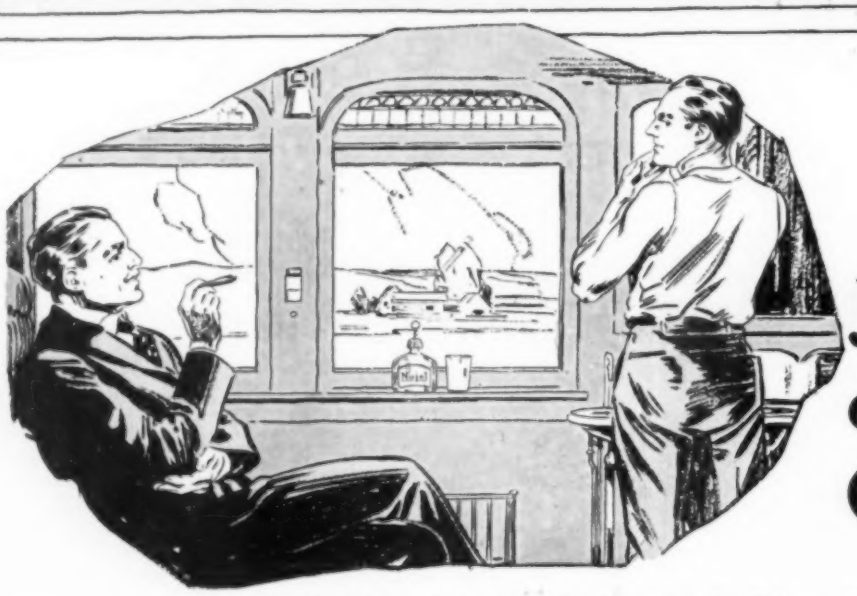
"I'M DOING IT FOR MY BIG BROTHER!"



Just Where do You Get Off?

(Frank Graham, who has just finished a comfortable dining-car breakfast, sights along the barrel of his cigar and discovers that the man at the wash-stand is none other than his able and sensible friend, Arthur Edwards, salesman.)

GRAHAM: Hello, Edwards! You on this trip—what's that bottle of yours on the window-sill?

EDWARDS: That—I'll tell you by asking you a question.

GRAHAM: (*Amused*) That's fair enough—go ahead.

EDWARDS: What was the first thing you ordered in the dining car this morning?

GRAHAM: Why, let's see—I needed a little mineral water, and—

EDWARDS: That's it! Mineral water! Well, this bottle here has made me see my last drop of mineral water! That's Nujol. You've seen it advertised, I guess.

GRAHAM: Sure. You troubled with constipation much?

EDWARDS: I'm not troubled with it at all, but I would be if it weren't for that bottle.

GRAHAM: Good, eh?

EDWARDS: Life insurance. I've been on the road a long time. You know, taking orders from a time-table. Well, I've got a good system, but it wrecked me. The hours, the fifty-seven different varieties of drinking water, the small-hotel food, all combined to make me careless about keeping clean inside. Then whenever my bowels didn't act regularly I took a pill or some salts, and pretty soon I had the habit.

GRAHAM: The habit?

EDWARDS: Yes. You know—the "gimme-something-for-constipation" habit; the druggist shoots you a glass of soda with some salts or a box of powerful laxatives. You get action, all right, you feel weak for a day, and next time you need a stronger dose. That habit cost me a three-months layoff.

GRAHAM: As serious as that, eh?

EDWARDS: Yes sir. The company had just taken on an examining doctor for the sales staff, and when my turn came for examination the doctor said, "You quit, right now, until you're well." "I'm not exactly sick, Doc," I said. "You're going to be *exactly* sick," he said, "if you don't do as I tell you. You've got a residue of food-waste in your large intestine; it's getting harder to dislodge every day, and what's more it's decaying and breeding disease germs that spread all through your system. You're sick on your feet right now—the third case I've found today. You fellows on the road are just inviting serious disease through constipation.

GRAHAM: Did you tell him about the cathartics?

EDWARDS: Yes, and he said "More poison—draws all the natural water out of your system—makes it harder to get rid of the waste." He put me on Nujol. And Nujol put me on my feet. And since then it's been keeping me on my feet.

GRAHAM: How do you account for it?

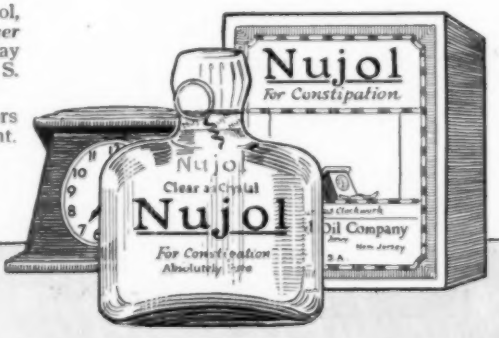
EDWARDS: Just this: Nujol is harmless—has no effect on the system except a mechanical one—softens and lubricates—so your body goes right on *building* while the Nujol works. It works slowly and gently—not like a drug. The more regularly you take it the better you feel. I'd no more be without it than my toothbrush. I'm through with drugs. (*He pours out a tablespoonful.*) Well, Graham, here's your health!

GRAHAM: *Your* health, I should say! But it's going to be *my* health in the future. Let me take a good look at that bottle so that I can get some when we get in. I guess you've talked *me* into insuring *my* health in a common-sensible way.

For your own protection insist that the druggist give you the genuine Nujol, in a sealed and capped bottle, bearing the Nujol trademark in red—*never otherwise.* Nujol is *absolutely pure and harmless.* Inferior substitutes may give unpleasant results. Genuine Nujol sold by all druggists in the U. S. and Canada.

Send 50 cents and we will ship new kit size bottle to U. S. soldiers and sailors anywhere. Write for attractive free booklet on the Nujol treatment. Section 5, Nujol Dept., Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Bayonne, N. J.

"Regular as Clockwork"



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Drawn by CHARLES SARKA

THE HUN'S PEACE DANCE

Drawn by WALTER DE MARIS

"KAMERAD!"

JUL 25 1918

JUDGE

Founded 1881

"THE NATION'S PERPETUAL SMILEAGE BOOK"

A Sweet Young Thing With a Guidebook and a Male Escort

Art at Close Range

How to Hooverize Your Emotions and Save Gasoline

By Treve Collins, Jr.

Illustrations by Albert Hencke

ECONOMY is the watchword of the day. So on a mild Sunday, instead of chartering a twin-six and faring forth into the surrounding country to enrich Road House Proprietors and Garage Folk, you decide to remain in the city and content yourself with its simple pleasures.

After wasting much time over an "Official Guide" you finally make up your mind to squander a wild afternoon at the museum of art.

A museum is a place where they have one dark-brown mummy and the chipped sarcophagus of an Egyptian High Priest whose family cognomen was Mutt and whose father's Christian name was Pete, called Ptolemy for short.

As you cruise through the portals you come upon a profound individual with trick whiskers and a mournful eye, pelting one of the much abused attendants with a wad of questions that would have made Solomon hike for No Man's Land.

The Mournful One desires to be informed in what section of the edifice he will find the jaw-bone of the whale that acted as Jonah's jitney. After the attendant recovers his mental equilibrium, he vaguely gazes skyward and opines that "such things" might be found in "The Smithsonian Institute of Natural History and other places like that." You feel tempted to ask how many jaw-bones the whale had, but refrain and trickle along with the crowd, coming to a full stop before a huge plaster reproduction of an ancient tomb. It is quite a cheerful object with fancy engravings all over its front depicting the fevered lives led by the present inmates before they passed into the Great Beyond. You skid through the entrance and bend a speculative eye upon the space where once reposed the last remains of King Nitchiekaboobalopsis. As you wend your way slowly outward you observe that the walls are sheathed with plate glass to prevent souvenir-hunters from picking the thing apart.

In the same section of the museum you come across numerous massive concrete washtubs wherein the denizens of Egypt were wont to secrete their departed relatives. A sweet young thing with a guidebook, and a male escort, asks why they were carved from such huge blocks of stone. "I'm sure," she says with conviction, "the dead priests couldn't get out, and nobody on the outside would want to get in, so why—" she shudders daintily, and her companion, out of considera-

"At Last an Honest-to-Goodness Art Student!"

tion for the feelings of "those present," drags her off.

You pass a large showcase containing a model of ancient Rome. A studious young man with a heavy air and a vague mustache is tapping the glass over the various ruins and telling the assemblage all about the Roman conquests; the terrible arena where the Christian Martyrs furnished the chief item on the menu for a lot of famished tigers, *et al.*, and as you stroll on he commences a still hunt for the spot on which Nero sat and sawed catgut while Rome conflagrated for history purposes.

In due course, you reach the Statuary Department, where armless and legless wonders in various stages of dishabille hold forth. You fasten a somewhat doubtful optic on a distorted chunk of stone that appears to be the product of an ambitious volcano, but when your gaze wanders to the signboard you see it's only the statue of a "Mounted Horseman Attacking a Sore-Foot Soldier."

As you scan the tongue-paralyzing Greek names adorning these statues, you begin to realize how terribly your education has been neglected. You listen with envy and awe while a little unimportant man spills a bunch of rhetoric about the Ancient Gods and you linger awhile to see if you can't learn something. To your ears is conveyed much lore concerning Adonis, Venus, Achilles and others. Not that all this old stuff will ever do you any good, but it might come in handy at some pink-tea when your conversational stock is running low.

By and by you get uncomfortable. Your lack of mythological knowledge depresses you. You cast about helplessly for some familiar name or object and then, ah, and then, your eager glance lights upon Amazon, Aphrodite, Diana, the Discus Thrower and a few others you used to be real chummy with back in the little-old-red-school-days. Your self-esteem is once more restored and it gets a further boost when you look up and find a giant bronze reproduction of Rodin's "Thinker" glooming down at you. You wonder what he has been thinking about all these years, but before you get very far into the ethics of the case, your attention is diverted by the appearance of a melancholy youth with a flowing tie and hair to match. He is busy with a pad and pencil.

At last, think you, an honest-to-goodness art student at work! You have always wanted to see what an art student's sketches look like in the raw, so you creep cautiously along the floor to his side and glance surreptitiously over his shoulder. Your hopes hit zero with a sickening thump when instead of sketches you preceive this.

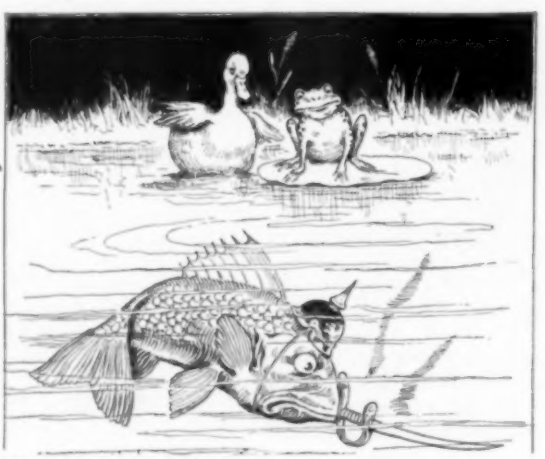
Flowers for Olga	$5.00
Tickets (Agnes)	5.00
Candy (Marion)	1.00
Taxi	9.00

A middle-aged male person, flushed and obviously at odds with the world, scowls up at a mounted knight in full armor and mutters sourly that the garmenture of old couldn't have been a whole lot more uncomfortable than the present day boiled shirt.

"A Middle-Aged Male Person Scowls up at a Knight"

After a time your feet carry you into the Art Gallery when your artistic soul flaps ecstatically. Whichever way you turn you find pictures and more pictures—Ballet Dancers; Girls with Dogs; Dogs with Girls; Girls at a Well, and Wellington at Waterloo; Moonlight on the Ocean; Sunlight on Mont Blanc; Electric Light on Broadway; Landscapes; Waterscapes; Firescapes, Airscapes; and, of course, Washington Crossing the Delaware.

After that you go home. It is the end of a perfect daze.



Drawn by Charles A. Hughes

The Duck—What d'yer call that strange-looking animal?
The Frog—Search me! It looks like a cross between a sword-fish and a German-carp.

Up-Side Down

By HAROLD SETON

(*To be read last line first*).

As shown in this here verse!
The world is up-side down to-day!
For freedom from the curse!
So therefore let us watch and pray

When we have licked the Huns!
When will we know the joys of peace?
When will we stack our guns?
When will the strife and tumult cease?

When will the war be through?
They wander forth to smite and slay!
Men know not what to do!
The world is up-side down to-day!

Life's Little Mysteries

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

WHY waiters are so anxious to snatch the menu-cards from an occupied restaurant table.

Why moving-picture directors labor under the delusion that it is true to life to have a jury convict a beautiful seventeen-year-old girl of first degree murder.

Why anybody thinks it isn't nice to hate Germany.

Why the editors of the Congressional Record feel called on to insert the word [Applause] at intervals in speeches that were never delivered.

Why an otherwise sane man makes such a fool of himself when he writes a love letter.

Drawn by T. N. SALG

Poet—I got $50 for my last poem. Wasn't that luck?
Nuther—Who bought it?
Poet—Nobody. When I mailed it I insured it for $50 and it got lost.

Guaranteed Fresh

By BLANCHE A. HARRIMAN

LITTLE Marjorie had a toy telephone which gave her great pleasure. She liked to call over this 'phone and have her mother answer from the next room.

One day after hearing her mother talking on the 'phone to the grocer she called on the toy 'phone and asked her mother if she didn't want some groceries.

Just to tease her, her mother replied that she did not want anything.

Majorie answered "Oh, please Missus, don't you want some sugar?"

"No, I don't care for any sugar."

"Well, don't you want some bread?"

"No, I have plenty bread."

Then seeing her disappointment, her mother decided to ask for something that she thought the baby would not recognize.

"Have you any horseradish?"

"Oh, yes, lots of it," came the reply.

"Nice, fresh horseradish?"

"Yes'em."

"Now, if it isn't fresh, I don't want it."

"Oh, yes'em, it is fresh; we just killed the horse this morning."

Drawn by T. S. SULLIVANT

"I see that Kaiser Bill is talking peace again."

"You don't suppose it will come to anything, do you? I've just ordered a new uniform."

Say "When"

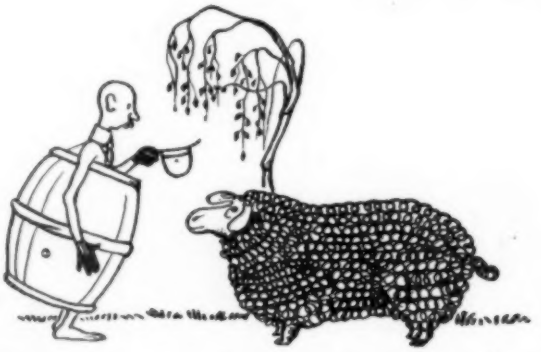
The first essential to winning a coquette's love is to know when to stay away.

His Qualification

The draft examiner—What branch of the service do you prefer?

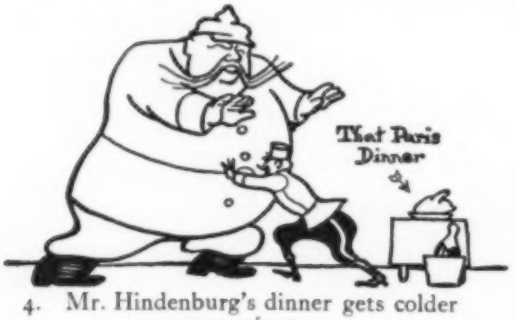
The raw one—Er-er—have you any use for a man on roller skates?

1. Russia is learning the ways of the world.



2. Ba-a- baa black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir, two bags full.
One for the land sir, and one for the sea
To clothe the gallant boys, sir,
Who fight for you and me.

3. "When you dig, boys, dig cheerfully."



4. Mr. Hindenburg's dinner gets colder every minute.

5. Ladies' shoes are to be cut down.

6. Order your coal now!

7. Remember, this is how we are going to foot the bill!

Drawn by Rea Irvin

"In Days Like These."

Marriage

By A. B. Booth

MARRIAGE is one of the little problems of civilization. There was a time, way back in the stone age, when no one ever thought of doing anything of the sort, but gradually the habit swept over the entire educated world, just like the use of tobacco—which antedated it by only a small margin.

Men get married from a variety of motives—for a home, a housekeeper, for some one to answer the telephone or remind them when to get a haircut. Women have only two reasons: they marry either because they do not want to go to college or because they have been to college.

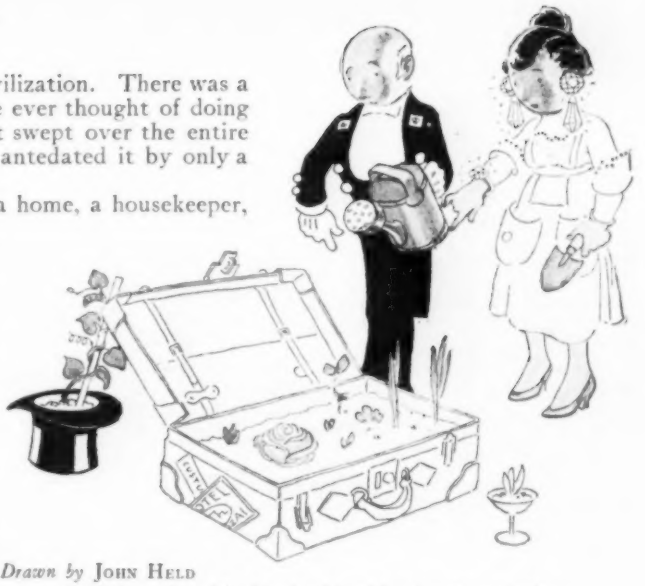
Men suffer most from married life, because they are brought up in the touching old superstition that they were created free and equal.

Dallying with the idea of marriage produces a wonderful thrill. It is like seeing how far you can lean out of a window before you fall. Only there are records of people leaning out of windows who have drawn back in time.

Every one is supposed to marry in order to have seen life—just as every one is supposed to have gone to Niagara Falls and to have learned to dance. One experience in any of these lines is usually sufficient. You seldom care to repeat.

In the old-time circuses there was always a Happy Family of miscellaneous animals. And there was always a sign on the cage telling how long the Happy Family had lived together without a renewal. Marriage is like that. People count the years they have lived together and boast about it. At the end of twenty-five years they give a party and receive congratulations on the successful completion of their endurance test. Their friends present them with silver trophies on this occasion, and if they last out another twenty-five years they get gold prizes.

The chief trouble with marriage, according to many who have experienced it, is that each game lasts so long that there is almost never time to play the rubber.



Drawn by John Held

Mrs. Levy-Astorbilt does her bit with a hotel war-garden.

There are a million ways to get married. There are only three to get out—suicide, divorce, and murder.

A Mere Myth

Mr. Outatown—Is there a good show for the tired business man on tonight?

The scalper—There ain't no sich animile. The tired business man has no show. He's gotta keep on producin'.

A Shrewd Bargain

General von Lachschinken—In the exchange of prisoners why do you insist on the return of General von Bullewerfer? He's no good and we're well rid of him.

Quartermaster von Krautenfeld—True, General. But he wears forty-two kilos of bronze decorations on his uniform and we can commandeer them to relieve the shortage of metals.

Ineffectives

The quartermaster general—What do you think of my newly organized force of criminals from the prisons?

The field marshal—Nothing but a lot of common thugs and assassins. What do they know about schrecklichkeit?

A Disputed Honor

Oberst Schweinhirth—What was the charge against Lieutenant Aviator Luftmann at the court martial?

Adjutant Gansschritt—Lese majeste, Oberst. He had the temerity to claim the altitude record in the presence of the All Highest.

Drawn by R. B. Fuller

"Aw, go on, Billy, be a U-Boat—just while we drop a depth-bomb on ye!"

My Ideal

By Walter Pulitzer

I SAW her roaming 'mongst the flowers,
All in a garden fair,
Where birds and bees beguiled the hours,
And Love was in the air.
Where Nature dons her richest robe,
To charm all eyes that see,
And groups the graces of the globe
In bowers of Arcady.

I saw her, too, in foreign climes,
'Neath cold and sunny skies—
'Mid Scottish hills and Spanish limes,
And where sweet Como lies.
I saw her do all sorts of stunts
That set my heart aglow;
And yet I never met her once—
'Twas at a picture show.

Drawn by A. S. Daggy

Enthusiasms

The Gem Collector—What cracker-jack pearls!
The Epicure—What cracker-jack oysters they came from!

The Bread Kind

"Finding it hard to get along without wheat at your house?"

"Oh, no; we're coming through the rye all right."

Bless the Big Guns!

"A large proportion of the German soldiers are said to be mere boys," observed the constant reader.

"How fortunate for us, then," exclaimed the one-eyed man, "that they are not armed with air rifles!"

Youthful Logic

WHEN little Anna Louise's little brother arrived she was told that the doctor had brought him, and the appearance of other babies in the neighborhood was explained the same way. Finally the stork left a daughter at the doctor's home, and Anna Louise's parents, who were fond of the doctor, spoke enthusiastically of the sweetness and cuteness of the newcomer.

"Yes, I guess it must be nicer than most babies," said Anna Louise, "because Dr. Ott kept this one himself."

Sound Language

A Swedish lad in a Kansas City school was told by his teacher to write a sentence containing the word poultice. He handed in this one:

"High school girls often write poultices."

"You are thinking of poetry instead of poultices, aren't you, Oscar?" smilingly inquired the teacher.

"No, ma'am," replied Oscar, stoutly. "I looked it up in the dictionary and this is what it says: 'Poultice—a soft composition.'"

Drawn by Rodney Thomson

"Come on! There's a bunch of Huns after Bill; let's get down there'n help him!"
"Naw, he don't want no help. They's only six of 'em."

Drawn by LAWRENCE FELLOWS

Are you basking your bit or hoeing your bit this summer?

"Treat 'Em Rough"

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

THE German goose-step has begun its quack.

War is a stiff drink, but don't forget the chaser, humor.

Like the banyan tree, German civilization grows downward.

When the Kaiser thinks of Belgium he puts on his spats.

O for the colossal laugh of a German Rabelais!

Wisconsin is having a strenuous time divorcing Hoboken.

It is positively uncanny the way the German mind misses the obvious.

The Russians are sitting in a draught between the open doors of Germany and Japan.

Clamp the gas-mask of humor on your face before the sulphurous breath of the gods.

Gardener William Hohenzollern has made a landscape of weeds in Western Europe.

The German mind is like a trunk brass-riveted, well-strapped, filled with blue-prints, sentimental ballads and moths.

Hell, which used to be paved with good intentions, is now paved with the Kaiser's peace programs.

The Kaiser has read the palm of the American people, and he has seen a life-line that runs to an iron muscle.

It should have been called the Pan-Pussyfoot League.

Mankind cannot sink lower than the beast as long as it leagues itself against Germany.

Even Satan wears a fire-mask these days.

Drawn by FRANK GODWIN

LITERAL INTERPRETATIONS

"The bride entered on the arm of her father"

Rumpus Ridge and Vicinity

By TOM MORGAN

His Deduction

"I RECKON the feller that said, 'The boy is the father of the man,' uttered an oration that was true enough to go in a copy book," admitted Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "'Tennyrate, 'most every time I have a fight with my biggest boys they tell me that if they whip me it will be for my own good."

Well Informed

"Ah, Mr. Gloom! Going to be another hot day, isn't it?"

"Yes!" snarled J. Fuller Gloom. "Or, at least, so eighty-seven other persons who have nothing else to talk about have told me."

A Mystery

"I don't know what to make of that feller, Ike Fagg," said the Missourian. "He says that him and Newt Snaffles is both satisfied with the horse swap they made the other day. and that neither of 'em got stuck. Of course, he is lying to me. But what is his object?"

A Similarity

"Cleanliness is next to godliness, and—" began the Presiding Elder.

"That's a fact, Parson!" agreed Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "I have to do mighty nigh as much cussing and whaling to make my children take a bath as to get 'em to go to church."

Drawn by W. O. Wilson

German Captain—I like not the look of things, Colonel. I am having more and more difficulty in driving my men forward.

American Captain—The only thing that worries me, Colonel, is the difficulty I have in holding the men back.

Folk Who Need Watching

THERE are certain cautious individuals in this country who will refuse to take their regular vacations on the Maine or Massachusetts or Long Island or New Jersey shores this summer because of U-boat activities off our coast. These hardy souls will bear watching. They will be found among the people who will play the German game by wanting to quit the war just when we need all our strength for the final punch. If possible, they should be interned in rabbit-hutches and be forced to take lessons in courage and strength of mind from the more daring bunny.

Poor Philadelphia

By Ellis O. Jones

ONE of the most tragic bits of news comes from Philadelphia and relates to the situation regarding its most beloved article of diet, namely, scrapple.

The exigencies of war have played great havoc with this dish. Owing to the necessity of conserving food of all kinds, it seems that there are not enough scraps left over from the average meal in order to provide the materials for scrapple with sufficient regularity. Consequently in many even of the better-to-do families it is reported that scrapple often does not appear upon the table for days and days at a stretch, and in not a few instances, it is said that some of the very oldest and most esteemed families have been reduced to the depths of despair at thus being compelled to upset habits of a lifetime.

Philadelphia's many friends will deeply sympathize with her in this extremity and fervently hope that relief is not far off.

Nature's Laws

"Your blood is impoverished. You have violated nature's laws."

"A fig for laws, doc. Pull a medical mandamus or something. You can always get around laws."

"Not always. You can't habeas corpuscles."

It Was Coming to Her

The horrified neighbor—Hi! What do you mean by killing that goose that lays the golden eggs?

The man who did it—Golden eggs are all right, but I just couldn't stand for her stepping around like a Prussian soldier.

Everything Gone

"Do you think a college education benefits a man?"

"I dunno. You forget a lot of things you learned in college. Why, I don't even remember the class yell."

Bandaged Eyes

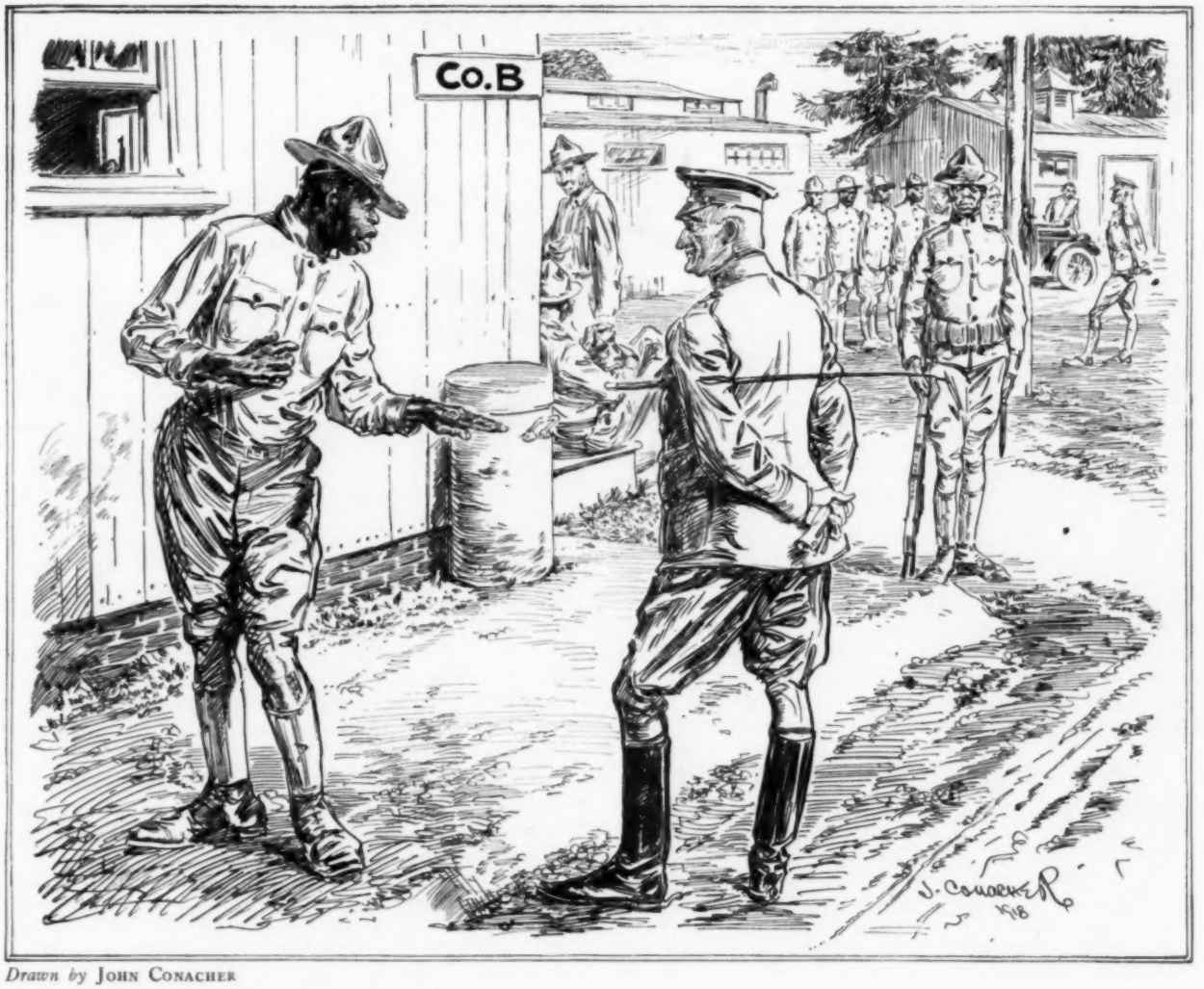
"The skirts are getting rather skimpy," remarked Fashion.

"I haven't seen them," responded Justice. "You know I have this bandage over my eyes."

"You might let me wear it awhile," said Fashion. "If the skirts get any shorter I'll need it."

Drawn by Russ Westover

A German Listening Post



Drawn by JOHN CONACHER

Colonel—Well, my man, why don't you salute me?
Colored Rookie—Now you-all don' wan' t' git 'fended, Cunnel. Man, when Ah got a grouch on, Ah wouldn' reconnise mah own mothah!

Egg View News Notes

By LESLIE VAN EVERY

LIGHTNING struck a weed in Tink Nitz's back yard last Wednesday.

Truman Bilge went to sleep on the merry-go-round Monday night.

Muley Cannon's boat having been stolen, the fish in Moon Lake are enjoying a much needed vacation.

Sherm Spoor is teaching Myrt, his wife, the deaf and dumb language on her fingers for her to use when she goes fishing with him.

Corny Paine, who ran over a pole-cat with his second-hand Pollywog automobile Monday night, hasn't had to use his horn once since.

Hank Mutt is now recovering at a high rate of speed from the fall he took several weeks ago while he was up a tall tree taking a close look at an eclipse of the sun.

Cylindra Berger, the author of several brilliant patent-medicine testimonials that have appeared in the *Pollywog Plea*, leaves this morning for a brief visit in Pollywog. She will travel incognito.

Considerable commotion happened in the grocery store Wednesday afternoon, when Lem Bushnell, our marshal, dashed by bare-headed. Quite a crowd rushed out and followed him, expecting to see an exciting arrest, until it was discovered that he was only chasing his hat, which had blown off.

Corny Paine drove his second-hand Pollywog automobile so fast over a bump this morning, that Tink Nitz's dog, who was with him, turned a somerset.

A Pollywog high-grade made-to-order clothing agent, who was here yesterday, left a sample of his pants on Ote Gimber's barbed-wire fence.

The Six Sons: *by* Walt Mason

Uncle Walt's Exclusive Weekly Message to Judge

THE Kaiser has six stalwart sons, all old enough to carry guns. Six krautfed sons the Kaiser owns, they're youths of brawn and heavy bones, and they might ply the sword or lance among the other boys in France. They might go forth where bullets soar, and slosh around a while in gore, acquiring honorable scars to show that they stand up for Mars. But do we hear of Wilhelm's sons gefighting with the other Huns?

We're killing Prussians everywhere; we bag them in the sunlit air; we pot them in the sobbing sea; we prod them with the snickersnee. We pile up Prussians, cord on cord, in ricks and ranks, upon the sward; we plant their bodies, tons on tons, but no one's planted Wilhelm's sons. These angel, roly-poly boys remain afar from battle noise; they do not face the leaden storms; they're busy changing uniforms.

Drawn by E. Flohri

"I Will Pawn My Watch and Hat to See a Spectacle Like That"

In Germany there is no home that has no crape upon its dome. In every hut and castle there, there is at least one vacant chair. Some fathers look around and see no faces where eight used to be. The manhood of the stricken land is lying dead in mud and sand. The farmers, in the coming years, who push along their brindled steers, to lay a furrow 'mid the stones, will plow up heaps of German bones. They'll plow up bones, by tons and tons; but not the bones of Wilhelm's sons.

The Kaiser has six beefy sons; they drink their beer and carry buns; they wear new glad rags every day, and medals have—to give away. They never go where men are shot; they loaf in some secluded spot, and tell how happy they will be when kultur covers land and sea. They have their three square meals a day, while peasants, like the cows, eat hay.

I'm not vindictive in the least. I wish no ill to man or beast. But when this war has reached its close, and we have canned the Teuton foes, if some big showman comes along, some newer Barnum, brave and strong, announcing, on the handbill's page, six Hohenzollerns in a cage, oh, I will pawn my watch and hat to see a spectacle like that!

Noah and the Shipping Board

IN the office of the chairman of the shipping board in Washington there recently appeared an illuminated wall-motto reading "Noah was 600 years old before he knew how to build an ark. Don't lose your grip."

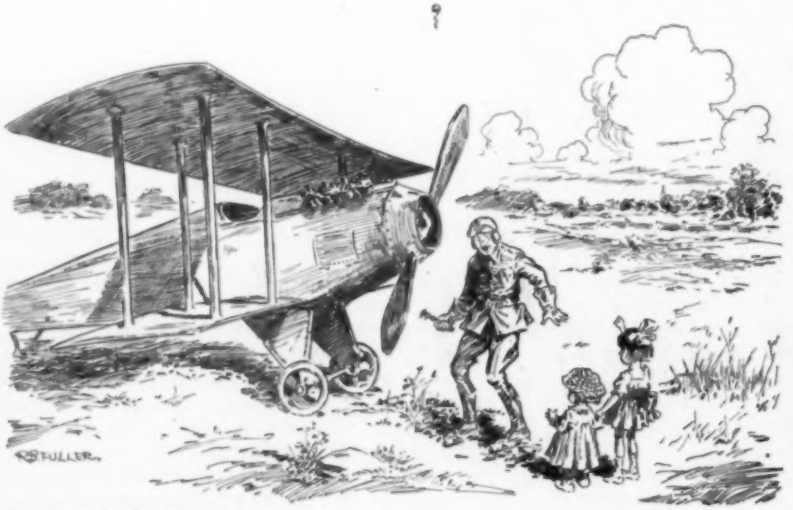
This is a rather dangerous motto to flaunt before the eyes of such an organization as the shipping board; for it might conceivably cause the members to understand that Noah worked for 600 years on the problem of ark-building before solving it—and that it wasn't such a bad record.

It would seem that the chairman of the shipping board could inject a better spirit into his workers by changing his motto to read "Though Noah was 600 years old when he heard about the Flood, he built the ark with seven days to spare. Don't be beaten by a 600-year-old."

Subtracting Machines

DURING the past few years there has been an enormous development in the use of adding machines that add and multiply.

Since the war, however, there has arisen a crying need for machines that subtract and divide. Conservation and curtailment come in the subtraction class. Let the mechanicians come forth promptly and meet this very pressing need.



Drawn by R. B. Fuller

Little Girl—Mister, when ye go up will ye please git Oliver his balloon? It got away!

Safe for Once

"So you were in the armored tank, Ferdy? And what did you think at the time?"

"Thought it would be a good time to ask your father for his consent to our marriage. I saw him standing outside."

Easily Complied With

He—The government orders that the lights must be greatly reduced at all bridges.

She—Oh, well, I generally hold mine in the daytime.

Drawn by R. F. Schabelitz

HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR

POWDER, ARMS AND A LITTLE PRESERVING FOR THE MAN AT THE FRONT

An Ideal Summer Resort

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I'VE found a place for Summertide
Where no one puts on any side;
Where no head-waiter coldly jeers,
Or views you with his cynic sneers
Because your style of etiquette
He never has encountered yet.

I've found a place where no one sits
Upon a porch, and rocks, and knits,
And pulls your name and fame apart
With calm, consummate, cruel, art,
And leaves you cold, and stark, and dead,
Your reputation but a shred.

I've found a place where you can lie
And gaze off at the summer sky,
And blink, and think, and scan the blue,
And read a pleasant novel through,
Without somebody full of talk
Insisting that you take a walk.

I've found a place where when you rise
And think a bath a thing to prize
'Tis possible to get a tub
Where you can slosh, and splash, and scrub,
Without a charge upon the bill
To give your bank-account a chill.

I've found a place where all the chairs,
And all the steps upon the stairs,
And all the nooks, and bits of shade,
For which you fondly think you've paid,
Are not filled up with gabbling groups
Who split the welkin with their whoops.

I've found a place where no one grips
You in the clutch of gleaming tips;
Where Tango is not danced at all,
And no one sings, out in the hall—
And doesn't cost a cent at that,
My own beloved city flat!

EDITORIAL

Comment Grave and Gay on Things as They Pass

Saying "Five"

GENERAL JOHN H. KETCHAM, for many years a member of Congress from one of the New York State districts, became very deaf in his latter days. But he wasn't so deaf sometimes as he was other times. One day a constituent came to him with a hard luck story and asked for a loan of five dollars. "What's that?" said General Ketcham, with hand to ear, trumpet-wise. "Lend me ten dollars," shouted the constituent. "You just said five!" the General replied.

Make up your mind what you want and ask for it. Maybe you won't get what you want but you certainly won't get what you don't ask for. Some men act for all the world like the little girl who told the storekeeper: "Mother said I should give you forty-five cents for the eggs but if you won't take it I should give you fifty."

A man who offers his services at a price, and acts as if he'd be surprised if he got it, may bet his bottom dollar that he won't be surprised. His face, his manner, his air of "meachingness," as our grandfathers used to call it—all these are his insurance policy against accidents of that sort.

The world is full of men who aren't getting half what the world might have given them—only they said "five." Men with half their learning are drawing twice their pay and getting away with it because the other fellow has the nerve to "put it over."

A business man said to his old-time employer: "You have no idea how scared I was to ask you for my first raise." "You have no idea how scared I was for fear you wouldn't ask me," said the other. "I can't pay my men what they think they are worth—but I don't want any man who daren't ask for what he thinks he is worth."

You may never be what your mother dreamed you'd be. The chances are you won't. But you have yourself to blame if it's because you said "five," when you thought "ten."

Hun Grammar

HERR FEHRENBACH, the president of the Reichstag, makes a queer grammatical error when he speaks of the "steeled strength" of the Huns. The past participle of steal is stolen, Herr.

Drawn by E. W. Kemble

"First is it my Eastern front, then my Western front; then internal. Maybe it is best I should see the peace doctor."

Ideas and Knowledge

IDEAS should always carefully be distinguished from knowledge. An enormous percentage of the world's trouble arises because of the hapless people who think that an idea is the equivalent of knowledge. Suddenly from out the nebulous ether, one of these luckless wights is struck by an idea upon that particular sensitized portion of his being which he is pleased to term his brain.

If he were a cautious, well-balanced individual, he would handle that idea in the beginning in a gingerly manner, grasp it between the first and second finger and hold it off at arm's length. Then he would submit it to closer inspection if it proved worthy and finally subject it to all the rigorous tests known to science before accepting it into his idea family.

Few people, however, comport themselves so sensibly. They assume that no idea could reach such massive brains as theirs unless it was a perfectly valid idea, born of facts, pregnant with knowledge and pointing to still further heights of scientific advancement. And so they cling to their ideas, some more tenaciously than others. Some cling with such bulldog, or rather with such jackass, tenacity, ignoring so completely all divergence of their ideas from the real truth that the only way they can fit into a well-ordered society is by occupying certain institutions called insane asylums.

Therefore be it resolved that while knowledge may lead to ideas and ideas may lead to knowledge, and while they are always closely related, they are never identical.

Sixes and Sevens

WE guess the 1920 presidential campaign will run more to epaulet than epithet.

* * *

We are all strong for constructive criticism, especially if we can construct it ourselves.

* * *

King George has become a baseball "fan." An earlier King George lost interest in the game after Cornwallis made his home run with Washington in the box.

* * *

This country would produce more stock if we spent more time on the farm trying to raise it and less at the ticker trying to lower it.

A Digest of the World's Humor

The Wittiest Thoughts from the Brightest Minds

WHEEZES

His Country's Call—Last summer, when every young man's thoughts were on the war, a wealthy lumberman from Seattle arrived in New York on a business trip. His business having been attended to, he was a guest at a dinner given one evening by an officer in the United States Marine Corps. As the hours and the flowing bowl passed, speeches became more and more frequent, everybody was wrought up, and there was no man so base as to say that he would not go to the front for his country.

Early the next morning the Seattle man started back home.

A few days later the officer of Marines received this telegram from him:

"Did I enlist that night? If so, instruct me when and where to report."—*Popular Magazine.*

Bright Suggestion—They were only down in the country for a day, and had managed to get into conversation with old Farmer Popcorn. The two Londoners gazed long at the countryside, and one exclaimed.

"What fine air you've got out here—so much fresher than in London!"

"Just so!" replied Popcorn. "That's what I was a-saying to the wife today. Why ain't all them big cities built out in the country?"—*London Ideas.*

Ponderous Authority—Possibly the reason why dictionaries are made in one large, ponderous tome instead of several small, handy volumes is that magnitude enhances the respect for authority that a dictionary must have. One hesitates to disagree with a 15-pound book.—*Chicago News.*

At the Boarding House—"Mrs. Hashleigh, my egg is bad again this morning! I cannot possibly eat it."

"Have you tried the other end?"—*Boston Transcript.*

His Trying Foothold

"A Ticklish Job."—*Passing Show (London).*

Similarity—"You won't have a chance to drown your sorrows after the town goes dry."

"You can't drown your sorrows," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop. "A sorrow's like a sponge. The more you moisten it the more it swells."—*Washington Star.*

Didn't Notice It—"Doris, those people will be here in a minute. Put on your evening gown, quick!"

"Don't be funny, Charles; it is on."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

BUSINESS

Odd—"Well, the company has gone under."

"What sunk it?"

"Its floating debt."—*Boston Transcript.*

Gone but Not Forgotten—"Is Mr. Slippery in? I've come to collect a bill that is considerably——"

"Sorry, but he's out of town."

"Did he leave any address?"

"Yes. He said: 'If any bill collectors ask, say I'm gone out to the coast.'"—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

Modern Salesmanship—"The old master who painted that picture got no such price as you paid."

"Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "it just goes to show what first-class modern salesmanship means to any line of business."—*Washington Star.*

He'd Swear to It.—*Buyer of Birds*—You are certain the parrot talks a lot?

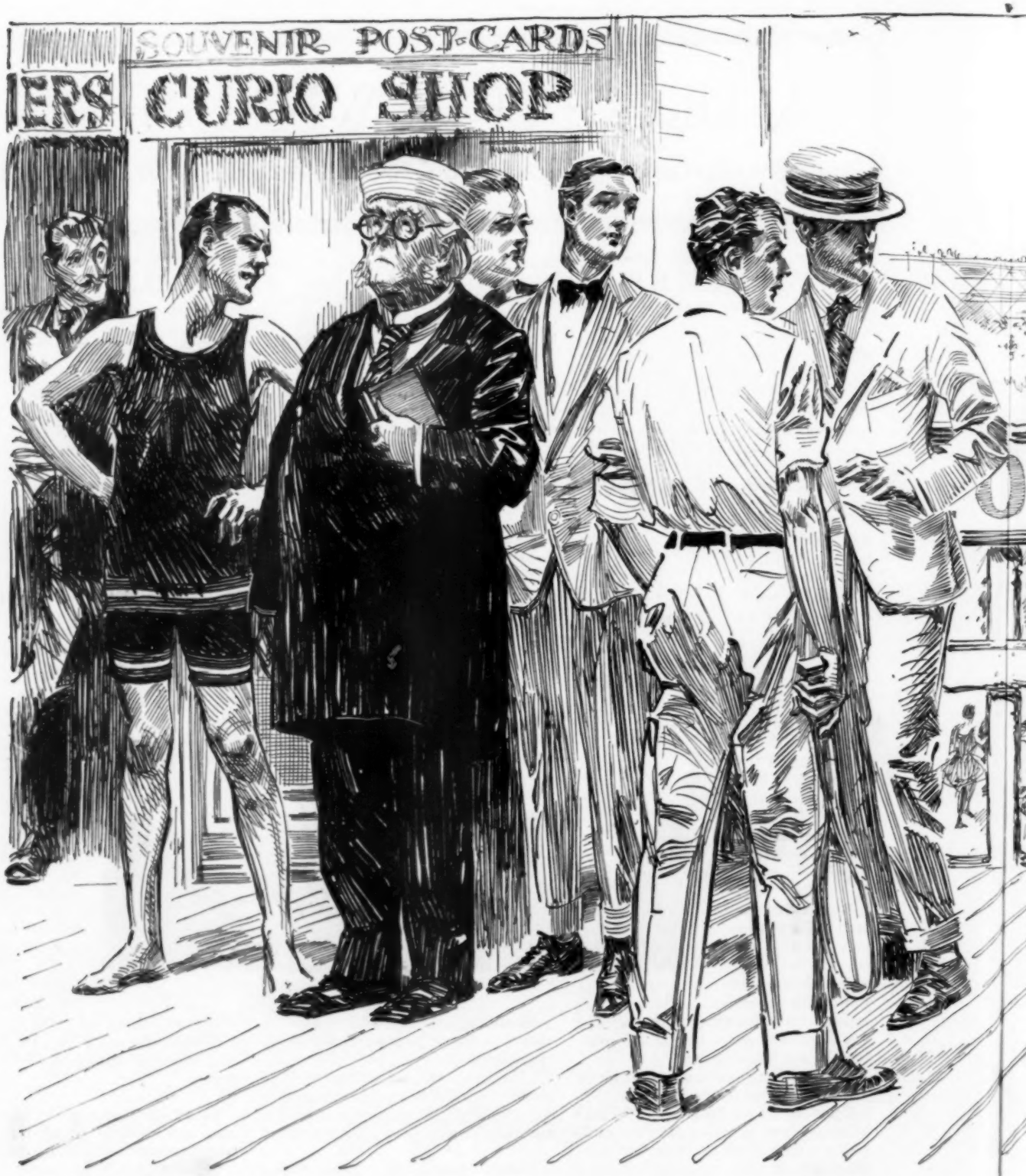
Fancier—He ought to. He belonged to a real estate dealer.—*Cartoons Magazine.*

Mad Over Nothing—"I think he got mad over nothing. I did mail him a letter marked: 'Dictated, but not read.'"

"Well?"

"He sent back a card saying, 'Yours received, and thrown into the waste basket.'"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

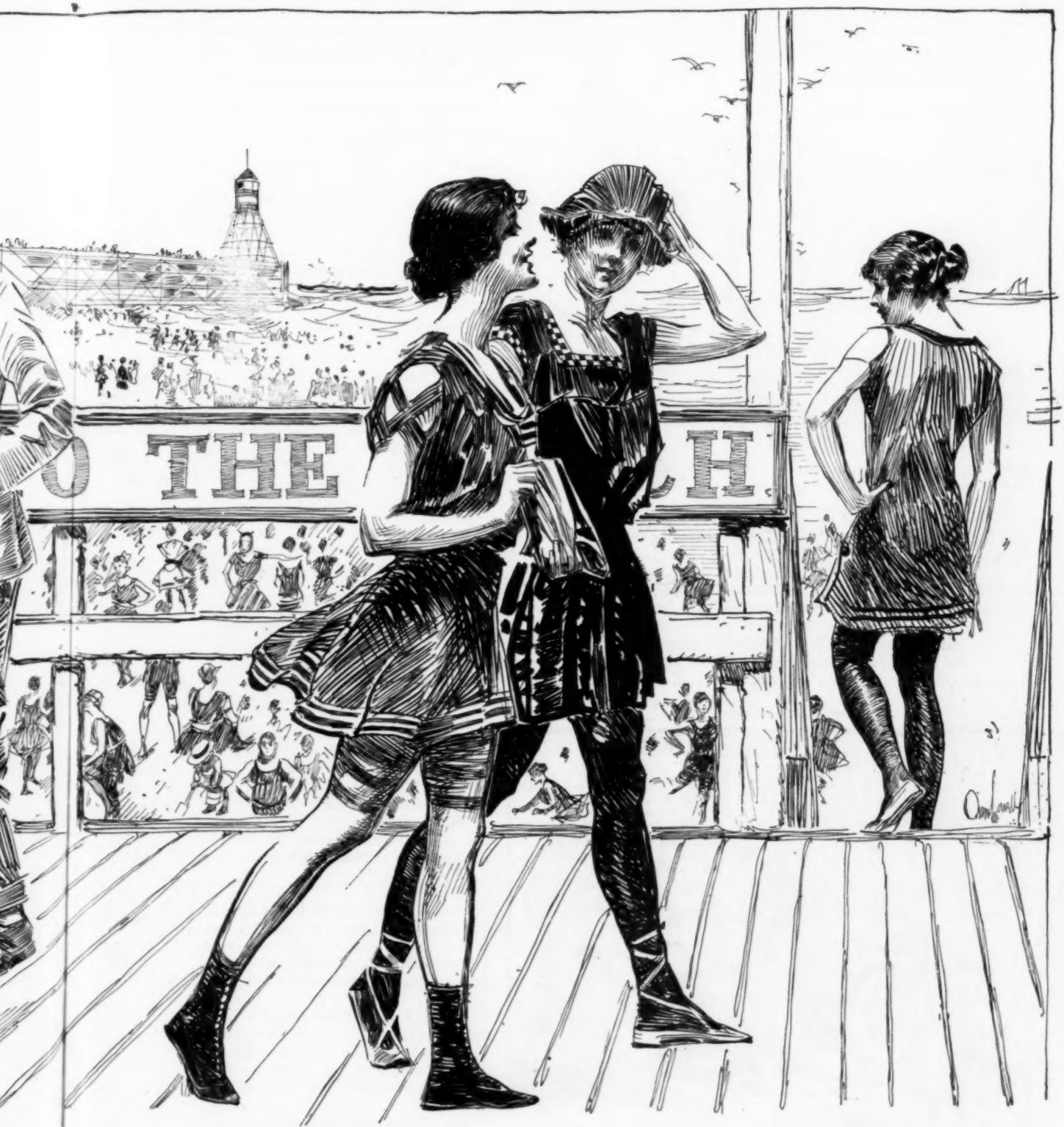
(*Continued on Third Following Page*)



Drawn by Orson Lowell

WE'RE NOT SO SUR

Old Dr. Drouth, the indefatigable educator, meets a few of his students on the boardwalk and ca
speaking for himself, "that while nature's wonders are on every hand it is the grotesque, the curious, ra



So Sure About That!

dwalk and cannot resist the temptation to work at his trade: "Is it not strange," says the Doctor, evidently
he curious, rather than the beautiful and the sublime, which most often excites our—er—interest and—er——"

JUST KIDS

Not Exactly—"I wonder one thing, mamma."

"What is it, child?"

"Do the mermaids make up the oyster beds with sheets of water?"—*Baltimore American.*

Putting Art in Artillery—*Teacher, to Current Events Class*—Now, Willie, can you tell me what is the largest gun the Germans use?

Willie—I—I've heard how it's—er—er—

Teacher—Correct, Willie.—*Cartoons Magazine.*

A Real Man—Little Freddy had just been put in a khaki suit with long trousers.

"Mamma," he asked, "am I a man now like papa?"

"I suppose so," she replied.

"Well, then," he continued, "I guess I'll take a dime out of my bank and go down to the barber shop and get shaved."—*Omaha News.*

Unusual—"There was a sensational case of kidnapping on our block yesterday."

"You don't say so! What was it?"

"The baby in the third house who generally keeps everybody awake with its yells slept all night.—*Baltimore American.*

Full Agreement

1st Sub—What do you think of our new commanding officer?

2nd Sub—H'm! I suppose he's all right in a way, but—er——"

1st Sub—No, he wouldn't give me a week-end leave, either!—*London Opinion.*

Would Pretend—*Little Edna* (seeing mother's new evening dress, just arrived)—Oh mamma, how lovely! Will you wear it tonight?

Mother—No, dear, not tonight. This is for when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner.

Edna—Oh, mamma, let's pretend just for once that papa's a gentleman.—*Boston Transcript.*

Gasoline's Understudy

Le valet de pied—Que monsieur prenne patience; une petite panne de moteur!

Footman—Just a moment, sir; I'm having a bit of trouble with the motor.—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

WAR'S WAKE

Fond of Combat—"Loafer married quite unexpectedly."

"Yes; he read that everyone's got to work or fight."—*Boston Transcript.*

Friends in Need—"A dog is man's best friend."

"I think a lot of a dog," commented the worried-looking man; "but the way things are going now, gimme a cow or a hen!"—*Washington Star.*

Crippled—"That returned soldier certainly can't go back to his trade as bookkeeper." "Why? His writing hand gone?" "No, but his pen ear is."—*Buffalo Express.*

Must Save Money—"Hobbs is always reminiscing. He seems to live in the past."

"Well, considering the advanced cost of living, I don't blame him."—*Boston Transcript.*

MERE MAN

His Dignity in Danger—A South Side man, who holds a high position in legal circles, dislikes nothing so much as doing small shopping errands with which he is sometimes charged by his wife.

"Today," his wife said to him recently, "I want you to stop in a five-and-ten-cent store and get me some clothespins and a bubble pipe for Junior."

The husband demurred.

"How can you expect me to maintain my dignity," he said, "with such trifling things as that to bother about?"

"Your dignity?"

"Certainly."

"Well," the wife replied, "let me tell you one thing; you will never be able to impress us here at home with your dignity as long as you insist on shaving in the kitchen."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Almost Like—"Everything I have in this world I owe to my wife."

"I'm almost like you, too. Everything I owe for in this world my wife bought."—*Answers.*

But Now!—Mother used to give father the go-by before they were married, but ever since, she has been making it the "go buy."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

TOMMIES

Not Up to Him—"Well, corporal," said the officer, "it's a proud mother that'll be waiting to greet you when you get home this time."

"What'll she be proud for?" queried the corporal, with a puzzled expression.

"Of your medal, of course," was the answer.

"But I don't think she knows I've got it, sir," said the corporal.

"What! haven't you told her?"

"Well, no, sir. You see it wasna' my turn to write."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Cause Explained—*Unable Seaman*—When I come round again the surgeon 'e says to me, "I'm blooming sorry, mate, I don't know what I was thinking about," he says, "but there's a sponge missin', and I believe it's inside yer." "What's the odds?" I says, "let it be." And there it is to this day.

Gullible Old Gentleman—Bless my soul!

Unable Seaman—I don't feel no particular pain from it, but I do get most uncommonly thirsty.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

History—At a military church service some recruits were listening to the chaplain in church saying, "Let them slay the Germans as Joshua smote the Egyptians," when a recruit whispered to a companion:

"Say, Bill, the old bloke is a bit off; doesn't he know it was Kitchener who swiped the Egyptians?" —*Answers.*

What He Did—*Visitor*—And what did you do when the bullet struck you?

Bored Tommy—Sent mother a postal card to have my bed aired.—*London Tit-Bits.*

SMART ALECS

Some Hike—"Astronomers tell us," said the man of statistics, "that an express train moving a hundred miles a second would consume several million years in reaching a certain star."

The other man sat silent, wrapped in thought.

"Did you hear me?" asked the man of statistics.

"Oh, yes, I heard you," responded the other quietly. "I was just thinking what a predicament a chap would be in if he should miss the last train and have to walk."—*Boston Transcript.*

Cause for Rejoicing

The father—When I was a little boy, my mother only gave us bread and jam. We never got butter as well.

Young hopeful—Aren't you mighty glad you came to live with us, dad?—*Passing Show* (*London*).

A Rare Manuscript—"I suppose you have many rare manuscripts here," said the visitor who was going through the famous library. "We have," replied the official. "Here is one in particular that we are very proud of. It is the rarest manuscript in existence. It is a tailor's bill that was paid on the day it was presented."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

His Plan—"The architect says the house will cost $6,000."

"Do you expect to build it for that sum?"

"Yes; I shall leave off one story."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Disappointing Crop

"Just my luck, 'Arry. Got my draft notice this morning, and only 'ad me 'air cut yesterday!"—*The Bystander* (*London*).

FOOD

He Raised Them—Food Controller Hoover told at a meatless-wheatless banquet a story about a poultry profiteer. "A lady entered his shop," said Mr. Hoover, "and asked the price of chicken. 'Them birds in the winder?' said the profiteer. 'Wall, they're very fine quality stock. I can't let 'em go for less than 94 cents a pound.' 'Indeed?' said the lady, 'did you raise them yourself?' 'Yep,' said the profiteer absently. 'They were 70 cents yesterday.'"—*Buffalo Commercial.*

AUTOS

Kept Guessing—"It is all right to talk about hitching your wagon to a star."

"Well?"

"But the question now is—where can a fellow park an automobile?"—*Kansas City Journal.*

Perfectly Satisfied—"That's a fine new automobile you have, Mrs. Comeup." "Yes, and we have such a splendid chefonyear."—*Baltimore American.*

Too Dangerous—"Why couldn't that young society favorite get a license to run his car?"

"Because somebody told them at the license office that he boasted of being a lady-killer."—*Baltimore American.*

A Veteran

"Vraiment, tu n'as pas peur?"
"Non, m'sieur, moi j'suis de Reims."
"What! you're not scared?"
"Naw! I'm from Rheims!"—*La Baionnette (Paris).*

THE SEX

Everywoman — Composer Baroni, gallant cuss, says: "Every woman is a song," which we move to amend to read: "Every woman is a popular song."—*Buffalo News.*

A Fig for Brains—"I thought I was paying her a compliment," said the callow youth, "but she didn't seem to take it that way."

"My boy," said the old stager, "I overheard what you said. You merely praised her intellect. A compliment like that is equivalent to saying a woman couldn't travel around the block on her looks."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Ideals—"My ideal of a wife is one who can make good bread." "My ideal of a husband is one who can raise the dough in the hour of knead."—*Baltimore American.*

In the Toils—*He* (watching another couple)—I suppose he feels that he could not live without her.

She—Yes, and I don't think he'll have a chance to find out that he could.—*Boston Transcript.*

On the Links—"Edith positively talks with her eyes."

"And I suppose when she feels like swearing she just gives a cursory glance."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Tripping Tongue—A lady had been looking for a friend for a long time without success. Finally she came upon her in an unexpected place.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I've been on a perfect wild goose chase all day long, but thank goodness I've found you at last."—*Boston Transcript.*

Hence Her Attitude—"Flubdub's wife doesn't show him much consideration."

"Probably she doesn't feel that she owes him any."

"Seems her mother picked out her husband for her."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Knitting Reserves—"What are you knitting there?"

"A sock. We women can help win the war by knitting."

"That's right. Sock it to 'em."—*Kansas City Journal.*

German Delicacy

"Das ist gut! Il est kolossalement intelligent, votre chien!"
"Vous trouvez? Eh bien, venez donc le manger avec nous demain soir."
"Das ist gut! What a wonderfully fine dog that is!"
"Think so? Then come take dinner with us tomorrow; we're having him then."—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

A Contradiction—"Enjoying poor health" is a contradiction in terms, admonishes a language purist. Which shows how little he knows some women.—*Akron Times.*

CLUBS

Consistent—"How did you happen to drop out of the 'Don't Worry Club?'"

"I was too good a member. I refused to worry even about any dues."—*Washington Star.*

Not Anchored—"I see Newpop at the club quite often since his baby came. I thought he was anchored to a home life." "He was, but at the first squall he began to drag his anchor."—*Boston Transcript*

Stands Well—"Is Doppel a member of the Periwinkle club?"

"Yes."

"In good standing?"

"I presume so. All the servants there lie cheerfully for him over the telephone when Mrs. Doppel calls."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

MUSIC

Cacophony—"Your daughter has a beautiful voice."

"That ain't my daughter singing now. That's the windmill outside squeaking. I told Pa to grease that thing a week ago."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Song Bird—"I understand that $20,000 was spent on Miss Yowler's musical education."

"Dear me! I presume the money was wasted?"

"Well, not exactly. It kept her in Europe several years and the neighbors got some rest."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Inspiring High Notes—*Bill*—I'm making money selling mice.

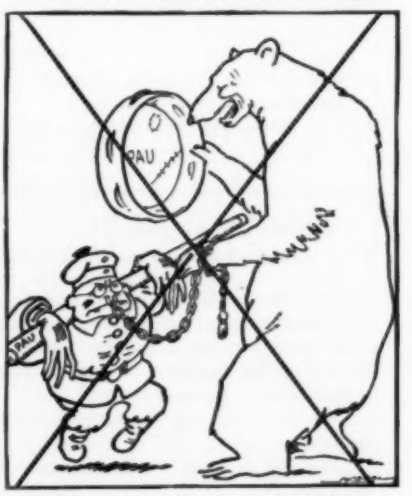
Jill—Whom do you sell them to?

Bill—The professor of music in the next street.

Jill—What on earth does he want mice for?

Bill—Why, he uses them for trying the voices of young ladies.—*Farm and Home.*

When the Russian Bear Dances Again



Qui t'ho havia de dir, eh, que s'invertirien els apers!
Won't he be surprised, some day, when the rôles are reversed!—*Esquella (Barcelona).* (This cartoon made that pro-German Spanish censor cross.)

Kilts for His

Sergeant (after fruitless search for a suitable pair of trousers for drafted man)—You ain't no blinkin' use to us. Wot you want to do is to apply for a transfer to the Highlanders.—*London Opinion.*

FATHERS

A Settler—"Darling, answer me," he pleaded. "I am on the rack."

"So is your hat," came a deep voice from the hall. Whereupon the young man took the hint, his headpiece and his departure.—*Boston Transcript*

Located—"Sir, I came to ask you to give me your daughter's hand." "All right, young man; if you're looking for it, you can generally find it in my pocket."—*Baltimore American.*

His Number—"As I look into your eyes," he murmured, "I see much happiness in store for us."

"I fear there's nothing to it, Oswald," she replied, not unkindly. "Papa has been looking into your rating."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Too Good an Opportunity—*Ralph*—Will your father permit you to take your piano away when you marry?

Phyllis—He says he will insist on it.—*Pearson's.*

HELP

At a Disadvantage—"Is your new stenographer efficient?"

"Yes," said the fussy man, "but I'm afraid she's going to get on my nerves before long."

"Why so?"

"Every time she has a moment of leisure she starts to humming 'Over There,' and I haven't the heart to reprimand her, because she has two brothers and a sweetheart in France."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Strategically Weak—"Is she able to keep a cook?"

"Pecuniarily, yes. Diplomatically, no."—*Boston Transcript.*

What She Thought—"I think the boss wants to retain me," declared the blond stenog.

"Bought you some flowers?"

"Bought me a dictionary."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

POLITICS

The Candidates' Hard Lines—Among those entitled to your sympathy are those Lyon county young men who must explain through the campaign why they are striving for an office in the court house instead of going after jobs as corporals.—*Emporia Gazette.*

Violence Deprecated—"Did you ever break a promise?"

"I try not to do anything so violent," replied Senator Sorghum. "If a promise has to be disposed of, I don't break it. I let it fade away."—*Washington Star.*

Harmless Demonstration—"Every man likes to hear the sound of his voice."

"That fact," remarked Senator Sorghum, "is what makes baseball a beneficial institution. A man can vociferate all he likes without in the slightest degree committing himself to any political opinion."—*Washington Star.*

Quickly Learned—"Is Latin hard to learn?"

"Well, it doesn't take a green Congressman long to master the meaning of per diem."—*Kansas City Journal.*

The Candidates' Tracks—The ambition of most great men of today is to destroy all clews rather than to leave footprints on the sands of time.—*Roller Monthly.*

Social Calling During the Paris Air Raids

"*M. Durand? s'il vous plaît!*"

"*Dix-sept marches à descendre au fond du couloir, la troisième cave à gauche.*"

"Is Monsieur Durand in?"

"Right this way, sir! Seventeen steps down, then turn to the left and straight ahead till you come to the third cellar on the right."—*La Baionnette (Paris).*

Comedians in Khaki

By Lawton Mackall

The Show Shop

THERE was a stage in America's warming up to the war when the spectacle of supers in olive drab was considered inspiring. Since that time we have had opportunities of seeing real soldiers so often, and have seen one man after another who had long been close and real to us don khaki, that now the sight of sham soldiers seems an empty mockery.

There is no magic in a uniform unless the right man is wearing it. No matter who he is, Uncle Sam can make him the right man; but a stage manager can't. Deck out a chorus Johnnie, who not so long ago used to be a cute red-and-gold hussar in a Viennese operetta—deck him out in khaki and the result is ludicrous, if not pitiful. Shoulder bars and a Sam Browne belt won't make a first lieutenant out of a second-rate comedian.

Down Fifth Avenue, under JUDGE's windows, go the new draft increments. These fellows wear no uniforms—just an arm-band—and they wave no flags. They have had no experience in marching. Yet they give you a thrill. Despite their garb, they are soldiers already. You cheer them instinctively. And next time you go to the theater and find a flatfoot phalanx strutting in olive drab, you do *not* cheer.

Hence the failure of such "patriotic" shows as "Toot! Toot!" and "An American Ace." For, with uniforms as with heads, it is essential that there be "somebody home."

A blessed relief from these military manikins is offered by "Getting Together," a spirited war play, which, planned for a few benefit performances, has become a stable success, stimulating recruiting and earning considerable money for relief work. The note of genuineness which dominates this play is due to the fact that it was written without a thought of commercialism, by men who had seen real fighting. Though hardly more than a series of loosely-connected scenes, it has a rare human appeal. It shows the audience, not how a flag is waved, but how it feels to be a soldier at the front. The Tommy, the Sammy (the name has stuck, in spite of all protests!) and the Frenchy admit the spectator to their camaraderie as a pal.

Oh wondrous freedom from flapdoodle! Hearing Lieutenant Gitz Rice sing his original trench ditties, such as "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy," one can forget for the moment that hosts of cabaret "artists" are busy taking General Pershing's name in vain.

But the outstanding figure of all is *Sergeant Atkins*, the dry Cockney who has a passion for collecting German helmets. As created and acted by Percival Knight, this character is as funny as any of Bairnsfather's worthies, and less exaggerated. His is the humor of the man who is detached from virtually every comfort and possession in the world and therefore feels he has nothing to worry about. He has given up everything—always excepting his "set" of Hun helmets—and yet he finds himself surprisingly well off: isn't that in itself a stupendous joke? And so, with nothing to lose and further glory to gain, he nonchalantly carried on in his great adventure—as incomprehensible to the hate-driven, officer-whipped boche as he is unconquerable. He flouts organized brutality with a grin.

Opposing the men in the front trenches—the vanguard of Gen. Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1918"

Bright Bits from Plays

Four glimpses of "GETTING TOGETHER"

(Bottom Panel, Left)

"Working hard?"

"We all are; and it's just what some of us needed."

(Top Panel)

BRITISH CAPTAIN: Time! Stand by!

AMERICAN CAPTAIN: Over the top!

BRITISH CAPTAIN: Captain, we'll race you!

(Bottom Panel, Center)

SERGEANT ATKINS (calling waitress): Ici anglais sergeant. I want a couple of oofs. Not *'orses* 'oofs, *'ens* 'oofs. I want one of 'em blind and one of 'em lookin' at me.

(Bottom Panel, Right)

RELIEF WORKER: Why, you've been here before. You've got three of our undershirts and a chemise on now!

(Right)

From "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME"

PRESTON *(to German secret agents)*: Well, now, what can I do for you?

CARL SANDERSON: When I came down from London last night, I brought with me certain important documents — government secrets. These have disappeared.

PRESTON: Dis—! 'Pon my word, you don't say so! And you think they've been—er——

CARL SANDERSON: Stolen!

MRS. SANDERSON: We have a very grave suspicion that one of our number is a spy.

PRESTON: Somebody in this house? Surely you're mistaken.

MRS. SANDERSON: I'm afraid not.

PRESTON: But — er — there are only—let me see —five of us. My daughter, Miss Myrtle, Brent—and Mrs. Lee—and, er—Good gracious! You don't mean to say you've got the—the—confounded impertinence to suggest that I——

CARL SANDERSON: My dear sir——

PRESTON *(violently)*: Don't you "dear sir" me, sir!

Tent and Deck Wheezes Military and Naval

JUDGE pays $1 each for original jokes sent by soldiers and sailors and accepted for publication, and each week $5 is awarded for the best original joke received

What the Stars Meant

By S. J. CONKLIN, *U. S. S. Alabama*

A QUARTERMASTER was hoisting the admiral's flag, and having secured it was turning away, when a new man who had been watching him said: "Say, Jack, what's the two stars mean in that flag?"

The "old timer," after sizing him up, said: "Son, that flag is for two sailors who left this ship and joined the army. It's our service flag."

He Wanted to Look Nice

By CORPORAL S. C. SAMUELS, *Bat. C, 126th F. A.*

New recruit (to major)—When do we have army uniforms issued to us?

Major—You will get them in a few days. In the meantime, wear your civilian clothing; it will give you a chance to wear it out.

New recruit—Yes, sir, but I wanted to keep these clothes clean and in good shape for Sundays and evenings.

Practical Minded

By PRIVATE HERBERT S. MARSHUTZ, *3d Receiving Co., Camp Johnston, Fla.*

"The sergeant asked for suggestions where to take refuge in case of an air raid while in the city."

"I suppose some of the answers were ridiculous."

"Oh, I don't know—the Camp Librarian suggested that they use one of the best cellars."

Simplicity

By PRIVATE HERBERT G. MOVELLE, *4th Service Co., Signal Corps*

Officer of Guard stops night watchman and inspects his club—My man, don't you think there is too much lead in the end of this club?

Night watchman—No, sir, I do not, for when I hit anyone with it I only intend to hit him once; if he doesn't drop, I generally walk around him to see what's propping him up.

The Investigation

By PRIVATE HENRY S. WARREN, *Co. C, 3d Bn., 20th Engineers*

"What was your object in making this raid?" asked the officer of the German captain.

"We had heard that there were Americans here and we were ordered to find out."

"And——?"

"We found out."

What He Meant, He Said

By PRIVATE WM. C. HAMMERS, *14th Co., 161th Depot Brigade, Camp Funston, Kans.*

Two colored recruits from Mississippi were getting out of their bunks the morning following their third inoculation, when one of them said: "Ah feels like forty cents dis mawnin'."

The other one replied: "Sambo, you mean thirty cents, don't you?"

"No, sah, I means *forty* cents. Niggah, don't never leave off dat wah tax."

That Dear Old Word

Drawn by CLIFFORD J. DOW, *U. S. S. Idaho*

A Marine Artist

This Week's $5 Prize Winner

A New Insignia

By PVT. R. W. TYLER, *Photo Division, Air Service*

SERGEANT—*How many times must I tell you men that you must salute all officers whom you can recognize within thirty paces? A dozen of you men here walked directly past the Captain on the other side of the street this morning and didn't even turn your heads.*

VOICE FROM THE RANKS—*Put a skirt on him and we'll see him!*

Tearing It off the Map

Drawn by PVT. IRV. J. RAFSKY

When the Marine Corps Eagle Rises!

His Nearest Relation

By PRIVATE WILLIAM P. YOUNG, *Medical Department, Camp Stuart, Va.*

A darky who was inflicted with a minor injury was being admitted to the hospital and was answering questions to fill out his clinical record.

Orderly—What's your religion?

Darky—Missionary Baptist.

Orderly—Who is your nearest relative?

Darky—Father.

Orderly—What's his name?

Darky—Thomas Jefferson.

Orderly—Where does he live?

Darky—Man, he doan live—he's plum daid!

One on the Captain

By PRIVATE WINTHROP S. GAGE, *U. S. School of Aviation, Rich Field, Waco, Texas*

It was a bright morning—just the kind for the solo-birds to take the ship up alone with full confidence in themselves. A few minutes after the command was given by the flight commander to soar above and take their daily flight they were all in the air circling around the field. Suddenly the flight commander shouted above the roar and din of the powerful engines: "Say, there! Hand those glasses here! What the ding-dong is that fellow trying to pull off, anyway? If I get the number of his ship, I'll jump on his neck!"

All heads turned skywards as the F. C. peered through the binoculars. Suddenly he handed back the glasses, remarking as he did so: "Great day for solo-work all right, if it don't get bumpy."

A mechanic grabbed the binocs and took a squint at the azure and remarked: "Gee whiz! Just look at that Texas buzzard doing the loop the loop and tail-spins and everything!" Whereupon everyone grinned but said nothing.

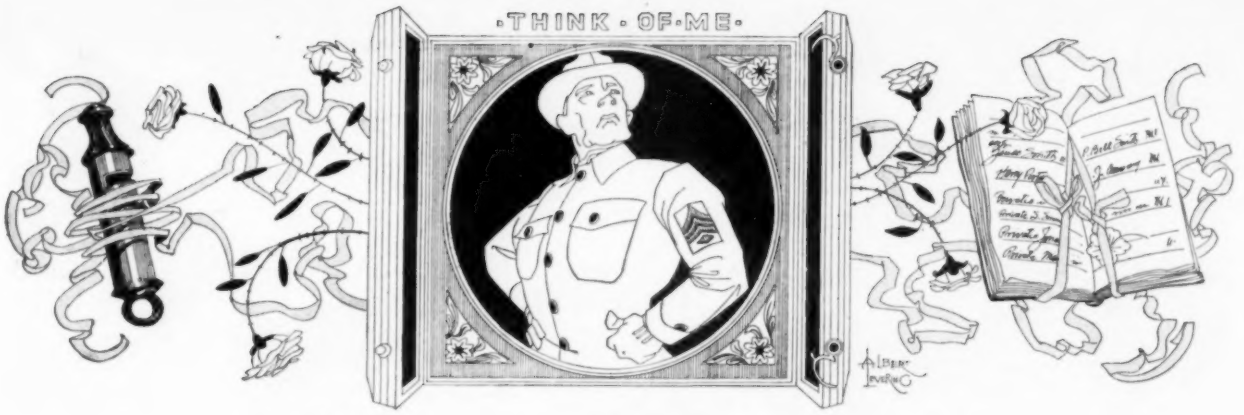
He Got off Easy

By PRIVATE J. TEN BROCK, *339th Ambulance Co., 310th Sanitary Train, Camp Custer, Mich.*

A rookie of some two or three weeks' standing had been given a pass home. On his return to camp he was much dismayed to find that it was 12 p. m. His pass stated very definitely *11 p. m.* When he finally reached the barracks his bunk mate asked him where he got the beautifully decorated eye. "Well," he said, "as I came up to the entrance to the camp the guard yelled, 'Halt! Who goes there?' I'd overstayed my pass a little, so I did some quick thinking and thought a little camouflage might get me by, so I replied: 'General Pershing.' I hadn't any more than said it when 'bang!' he hit me a whack on the head with his gun and put me out of commission for ten minutes."

"Why didn't you tell him your right name, you poor fish?"

"Glad I didn't—if he'd hit Pershing on the head that way, what would he have done to *me?*"



His Word Is More Binding Than the Ancient Mosaic Law

Rookie Realisms

By Private Chester W. Shafer, *Ambulance 339, 310th Sanitary Train*

Illustrated by Albert Levering

VI. THE MESS SERGEANT—AS HE IS MALIGNED

FROM the viewpoint of the up-to-date philatelist, who devotes most of his time during the week to the collection of thrift stamps and runs down to a nearby cantonment on Sundays to visit friends, a brigadier general looks like the most commanding figure inside the grounds. To him it seems that any officer who can wear two stars on his shoulder and ride about on a saddle that is tailored to the measure of both himself and his horse, is the preeminent clinker in the military circle. But to the man on the inside—an integer of the equation—who fully appreciates the width of the abyss that separates a hike in the army from a constitutional walk, the appearance differs. To him the most powerful and the most noticeable figure in the life is that of the Mess Sergeant.

Considered from the standpoint of recognized and established authority, he is eligible to wear at least ten hanks of braid on either arm and jounce the firmament to death in the matter of stars. He is an acute and visible power, reigning with more majesty than a king with a purple robe, a scepter studded with horse-chestnuts and seventeen morganatic wives. He rules the mess-room with an iron hand and a strident voice. His word is more binding than the ancient Mosaic law, and when he issues an ultimatum it goes as it is writ. There is no more chance for a correction than there was back in the days when the versatile writers did their best work on a piece of flint. His say is so.

The Mess Sergeant outlines the feeding policies of the company, dictates the menu and keeps tab on the bills payable and bills receivable. He is directly responsible for a distraction, thrice daily, which he humorously dedicates to the memory of Epicurus. In this malignant work he does more to profane the theories of this far-visioned Greek than can be readily imagined. If Epic is in any position, at this time, to learn of these goings-on, he'll make application at once for a permanent pass with privilege of visiting all the cantonments and doing some wholesale ha'nting. It is a wholesome and colossal cinch that he'll never forgive the travesty.

It is up to the Mess Sergeant, at all times, to get inside the rations. This ration is the amount allotted by the Government for the daily food of the soldier. In this work he gets under the limit as easily as a small boy under the big top at the circus. It makes no difference to him if the tables don't groan under the weight of the victuals. Just as long as he can show a healthy surplus to his mess officer at the end of every month he's All Jake. He may rehash his entrees frequently and tack an alluring name to a conglomeration of accumulated scrap, but he goes over on the right side.

He Rules With an Iron Hand and a Strident Voice

Indirectly he hears words of discontent and dissatisfaction. But he never is openly challenged. And with the smug security of his vested authority he lolls back serenely and dismisses all qualms.

The Mess Sergeant has one command that he is peculiarly proud of—"Be Seated." He uses it three times a day and he can get more mingled force, pathos, sternness, virility and enthusiasm in it than Bryan injected into "The Cross of Gold." He prepares for this by directing the bugler to blow the usual mess call. At this there is a general response from all parts of the barracks and the soldiers file into the mess hall prepared for their duties. As they arrive at their places they come to attention. And they hold this attention until the big order comes.

At times the wolves become impatient. Or they may be boisterous or exhuberant (such instances are rare). But any undue noise only serves to delay the soup. The Mess Sergeant, with his stoniest expression, waits always until everything is quiet. Then, when he thinks the psychological time has arrived, he sends the order bellowing down to history and the men begin the application of their theories of prehension. After this, during the meal, he maintains a dignified demeanor, watches the distribution of the food and acts as arbiter in any quarrels that may arise over the possession of a fragment of meat or an odd piece of cake.

Following the mess he supervises the work of cleaning up and goes into retirement. He watches the garbage cans, buys the stores, fights with the quartermaster, holds a daily reception for salesmen and the key to the storeroom. He also puts the right sort of fear into the heart of the cook. Aside from these duties he exercises a remarkable control over his emotions.

Seldom, if ever, does he break down when he accepts his pay once a month. Inwardly he may feel that Ali Baba and Jesse James were overestimated, and his hand may be cold and trembling when he extends it, but he is always

Drawn by RAY ROHN

SHE COULD IF SHE WANTED TO

sufficiently steeled to the ordeal to execute a good clutch and back away before anything happens. If any mess sergeant ever falls under the influence of remorse and makes a clean breast to a paymaster the requirements of the next Liberty Loan will be exceptionally low.

There are no lean mess sergeants. They are all fat and sleek and comfortable-looking. The common allegation is that they eat of the food they cause to be served. This allegation is an error. It should be stricken from the testimony as irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. It is not so. Before the mess call is rendered they have their appetites appeased and are ready for the toothpicks. While "the boys" get along on a breakfast of mush and adulterated condensed milk, the Mess Sergeant has just completed several eggs, with toast and rashers of bacon. And at noon when a wild and intricate stew goes out for consumption he takes on a choice steak with side dishes to suit. He is the one person who gets the most out of the army. And he is never bothered. As long as the National Army goes on he'll continue with his inviolate authority and his inexhaustible supplies and he won't begin to feel sorry until he hears the overtures of Peace.

Good Taste and Sugar

Mr. Joseph Meinrath, Kansas City, Mo., writes: It may please you to know, that my nephew in Fort Wheeler, Ga., writes: "I have no time for reading anything outside of military reading except the JUDGE you subscribed for." Another nephew of mine in Washington writes: "JUDGE is like sugar in my coffee."

And Out of Mind

High ideals are often out of reach.

The Busy City Man

NOW doth the busy city man delight to grasp his spade,
And overturn the waiting soil and level down the grade;
And when the bed is spaded up and free from roots and stones,
He goes and gets the arnica and groans and groans and groans.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Now doth the busy city man delight to ramble out
With most expensive fishing gear to snare the wary trout;
But empty-handed he returns disgusted, tired and mad—
And spends the next week telling what a bully time he had.—*Springfield Union.*

Now doth the busy city man rejoice the time is near
When he can take his wife and kids and picnic with good cheer;
But when he gets the dinner out there's much life in the cheese,
And many ants investigating in his B. V. D.'s.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Now doth the busy city man delight to wake at dawn,
And harnessed to the mower go to it on his lawn;
And after he has traveled back and forth across the sward,
He wonders if he's saved enough to buy himself a Ford.—*Northampton Herald.*

Now doth the busy city man delight to find a spot
Where "cooling ocean breeze rout the summer season hot";
He's mangled by mosquitoes and he's stifled by the heat,
And then comes back and warbles,
"Gee! The seashore can't be beat!"—*Bridgeport Standard.*

Now doth the busy city man kick up his heels and hie
To where the fields lie in the sun beneath the spring-time sky;
And hie him home when shadows fall, filled with the day's delights,
And all night with a bacon rind run down his redbug mites.—*Houston Post.*

Now doth the busy city man betake him to the shore,
In hope to meet some "peaches" there and gaily look them o'er,
But wifey follows 'cause she knows that he's on mischief bent,
And so in just a day or two he's sorry that he went.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Now doth the busy city man, too busy to vacate,
Weep on his job, with sweating brow, bewailing loud that Fate
Denies the joy of gardening, of picnicking, and such:
For war-time things have surely put the city man in Dutch!

Who's Hoo-ver

Two greatly needed men on the farm—Manuel Labor and Percy Vere!

Why He Was Silent

Wife—Why don't you tell me what you think of the pie I made for dinner?

Hub—I hate to be always complaining.

Close to the Soil

By Ozarkian

An Inference

"I s'pose you noticed that I've built a new addition onto the hotel since you were here last?" said the landlord of the Petunia tavern.

"Ah, yes!" responded the guest. "How many people can you make uncomfortable now?"

An Eccentric Stranger

"A quaint sort of feller came along hur yesterday in a motor car, and stopped in front of the gate," related Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "He asked if he could get a drink of water, and I said, 'I reckon!' He wanted to know if I could tell him how fur it was to Tumlinville, and I said I reckoned I could. Next he asked how many children I had, and I told him I reckoned there was fourteen. He inquired if it was going to rain, and I answered that I reckoned it was. Then he grinned at me and says, 'This seems to be the day of reckoning,' and I said, 'What say?' just like that. He grinned again, and driv on. Something sorter funny about that feller, and still he didn't 'pear to be precizely crazy. Mebby he was one of them German propperganders, or something!

An Ominous Possibility

"I've promised my fourteen children to take 'em to the circus at Tumlinville next Wednesday," stated Mr. Gap Johnson, "and if it rains that day you needn't be surprised to read in the next issue of the paper that a prominent citizen of Rumpus Ridge was slew in cold blood by his own offsprings."

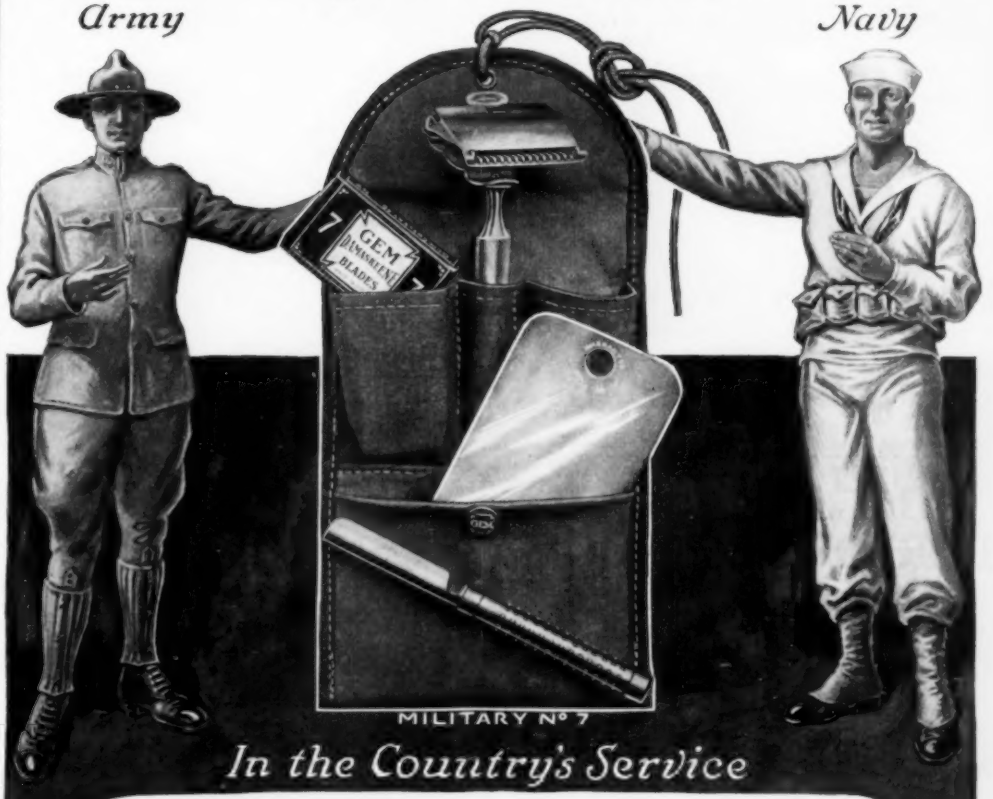
The Difference

"Ah, the loneliness of life in a great city!" mused Professor Pate. "You may go for weeks and never be greeted by a smile of welcome or have the warm hand of fellowship held out to you. Beyond your business associates no one cares whether your portion is happiness or woe. But how different in the friendly village. A stranger cannot be on the street half an hour without being asked his name, where he is from, and if he is seeking bargains in real estate; being informed that he looks a great deal like a feller that was lynched or something in the same region eighteen years before; offered opportunities to purchase tickets to entertainments gotten up by the very best people in the community; and assured in whispers that the gent addressing him has reluctantly consented at the earnest solicitation of his many friends to become a candidate for the legislature.

"In the cold and heartless city, because people resent having the noses of total strangers embedded in their private affairs, they refrain from snouting into the business of other folks. But in the friendly country there is no such hesitancy."

Supplied by U.S. Gov't to

Army *Navy*



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GEM
DAMASKEENE
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Separate Set
Gem Blades
7 for 50c

Wherever Duty calls—in the training camps, in the trenches, on the seas—the **GEM Service Outfit** in its natty little suit of **Khaki** is the universal favorite among "our boys". Strong, light, convenient—fits in anywhere; equipped with the wonderful **GEM Damaskeene Blades** that assure a quick, smooth, comfortable shave under any circumstances—blades are in dust and rust proof, wax paper wrapped package, sealed.

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Millions of Gems in use today.

$1.00 **without Trench mirror**

Gem Military Outfit includes razor complete with seven **Gem Damaskeene Blades** and Stropping Handle.

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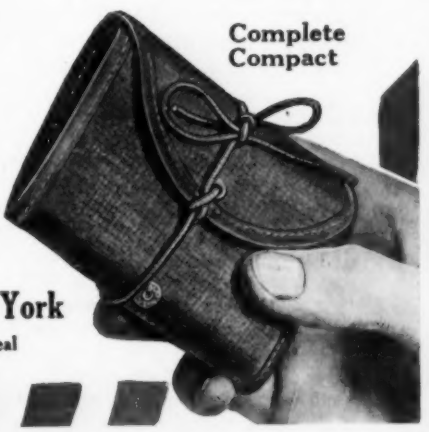

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COHAN & HARRIS W. 42nd St. Evs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:20.
COHAN & HARRIS Present
Funniest American Comedy of Recent Years
A TAILOR-MADE MAN
Extremely Novel, Clever Play by HARRY JAMES SMITH with **GRANT MITCHELL**

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The STUART WALKER CO. in Tarkington's **SEVENTEEN**

Maxine Elliott's 39th nr. B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.
EYES OF YOUTH with MARJORIE RAMBEAU

ASTOR Broadway and 45th Street. Evenings 8:15 Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:15
A MUSICAL COMEDY **ROCK-A-BYE BABY**

CASINO Broadway and 39th Street. Evenings 8:15 Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:15
OH, LADY! LADY!!

GAIETY Broadway & 46th Street. Evenings 8.15 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15.
KLAW & ERLANGER'S Big Musical Comedy Hit
THE Rainbow Girl

My Girl and Your Girl

By WITTER BYNNER

SHE may not be the girl for you,
But she's the girl for me.
You may not think her eyes divine,
You may not feel her spirit shine,
But the less she's yours the more she's mine,
You see?

So go and find your own girl,
Whoever she may be.
I may not think her eyes divine,
I may not feel her spirit shine,
But she wouldn't be yours if she were mine,
You see?

Cultivation

Not all women care to work on farms, but most of them can cultivate expensive tastes!

Summer Schedule

Up and Down on the Broadway Joy Line With L. M., *Conductor*

EYES OF YOUTH—*Maxine Elliott.* The future as a crystal maze.

FOLLIES OF 1918—*New Amsterdam.* Beautiful pictures with live details.

GETTING TOGETHER—*Shubert.* Allied activity in the drama.

GOING UP—*Liberty.* A situation that would make any man soar, especially if he had buoyant music to help him.

HITCHY KOO—*Globe.* Raymond and Leon kid each other and the audience through the length and breadth of a revue.

KISS BURGLAR, THE—*Eltinge.* Oswald gets a taste of nobility.

MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME, THE—*48th Street.* A slacker in appearance only.

MAYTIME—*Broadhurst.* Summer cast runs away with an all-year success.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC—*Cocoanut Grove.* Bert Williams and others of lighter hue and more interesting gender.

MIDNIGHT REVUE—*Century Grove.* Revelry by night.

OH, LADY, LADY!—*Casino.* Brightness of various sorts, including Margot Kelly's red head.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH—*Republic.* A wild jaunt into Jersey.

PASSING SHOW OF 1918—*Winter Garden.* Chick Sale portrays odd characters, while the girls remain very much themselves.

SEVENTEEN—*Booth.* A half-baked hero and a kid sister villain.

TAILOR-MADE MAN, A—*Cohan & Harris.* Demonstration of bluff for parlor and office use.

TIGER ROSE—*Lyceum.* Rippingly ripsnorting.

Cleared of Suspicion

By TUDOR JENKS

I SAW him in the street car. He was stout, a blonde, of erect bearing. The ends of his mustache turned up sharply. He muttered softly to himself, with a guttural accent, as he covertly consulted some closely written memoranda.

"Umph!" said I to myself. "These are suspicious times. I'll keep an eye on you!"

The car filled. People were standing in the aisle.

Suddenly the man I watched put the papers in his pocket, and looked up.

An elderly woman stood before him.

He sprang to his feet, startled, and exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, madam. Take this seat!"

I was mistaken. He was *not* a German spy.

A Valuable Tip

JUDGE was one of the three most popular publications in the camps in a list including all the leading magazines.

"The happy medium," Judge, furnishes welcome relaxation for war-strung nerves.

Stick a 1c stamp on the cover of this issue, according to Postmaster Burleson's advice, and drop in the mail; the Government will send it to soldiers or sailors at the front. Do this every week, and you'll make life that much cheerier for the men in camp and "over there."

Or send us a dollar and a soldier's or sailor's name and address — either at camp or at the front — and we'll send him the next 13 issues. Address

Judge, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Vers Libre

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

Down
The long page
The "poem"
Of today,
Now
Lean,
Now bloated,
Wriggles
On its way.
Vers libre?
Pray
Translate
The Gallic term!
That's easy—
Just
A
"Liberated
Worm."

Judge

The mission of this publication is to preach the gospel of cheerfulness

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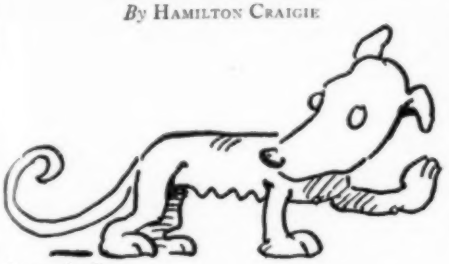
Have You Got One in Your Home?

By Hamilton Craigie



Drawn by Zim

Built as a Link Between a Sausage and a Carpet Sweeper

ONCE upon a time profanity, among misguided individuals of the male species, had reached alarming proportions, and the reason was not far to seek.

According to a well-known law designated as the Perversity of Inanimate Objects, all and sundry of the male citizens of the world who wore collars had been seized with a cacoethes of cussing, which threatened to disrupt the social fabric—rulers tottered on their thrones, millionaires had a list to port, divines departed from their perfect equanimity—only troopers, continued in the even tenor of their way, first, because it was second nature for them to swear; and, second, because they wore flannel shirts.

Know, then, that the cause of all this moral disintegration—this outburst of profane cacophony was nothing more than—a collar-button! These had been in existence ever since Achilles invented the mangle and started the first Greek steam-laundry at Troy.

Ordinarily mild-mannered men awoke of a peaceful Summer morning, filled with the milk of human kindness, and before breakfast had turned suddenly to raging monsters—murdered their wives and children out of hand, and gone to their doom with a hymn of hate upon their lips. And all because of the pestiferous, perversely inanimate, wretched Collar-Button!

A man might rise, blithely insouciant, whistling cheerily as he encased himself in his shirt, but in a moment, even as he slipped, or attempted to slip that elusive peg of bone, brass, copper, celluloid, silver, or gold into the buttonhole of his shirt—zip! Away it would spin merrily, bound, jiggle, and roll under the darkest, dustiest farthest corner of the bureau.

Red of face, perspiring audibly, would the luckless wight give violent chase, and finally, with great good fortune, at long last, perhaps retrieve the offending article, lying perdu, coyly hidden under the bureau—only to lose it again! Imagine, if you can, the result!

At this stage, however, an all-wise Providence provided a cure in the person, if I may say it, of the greatest single boon which has been granted the Human Race since the discovery of noiseless soup, to wit, the Collar-Button Hound.

This animal, produced by the thousands by an intensive process of delicatessen diet and the application of Burbank's Law, solved the problem—saved the world from chaos—introduced a new era of peace and good-will.

Trained from infancy as a retriever of collar-buttons, this faithful beast, built as a cross or a link between a sausage and a carpet-sweeper, at a word of command from his master, would insinuate his india-rubber torso under the bureau, and in less time than it takes to tell, emerge triumphant with the offending article grasped firmly in his mouth, restoring it to its proper owner with due ceremonial of tail-wagging, causing smiles instead of imprecations, and contentment where before only heated anger had reigned.

These intelligent creatures became *de rigueur* in the very best society—contests were held to determine the champion collar-button hound of a given locality, and the collar-button makers began to be threatened with bankruptcy, because there was no demand for their wares.

Thus, nowadays, a collar-button hound is worth much fine gold—everybody has one that wears a collar, and the evangelists have gone out of business since swearing, with the exception of tax exemption has become a lost art.

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Her One Deformity

An Unnecessary Corn

When you see or feel a corn remember this:

Millions of people have found a simple, easy way to completely end this trouble.

It is the Blue-jay plaster.

When a corn appears, they apply a Blue-jay, and do it in a jiffy. Then they forget it, for the corn never pains again.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay, and the corn is gone. Only a rare corn needs a second application.

There is no muss, no bother, no repeated applications. There is no after-soreness.

There are none of the faults of the old-time methods, harsh and inefficient.

It doesn't take one-tenth the time it takes to pare a corn. And paring cannot end it.

For your own sake, make a test of Blue-jay. See what it does with one corn. It is doing just that with millions of corns, in a gentle, scientific way.

Please find out—and now—what folly it is to have corns.

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Tried Out of Court

THE Probate Court was trying John Donnolly on a charge of insanity lodged against him by an exasperated band of his relatives. These relatives, in one of his unguarded moments, had euchred him out of his share in the family estate, and not having any legal grounds for recovering in court, he set about collecting it otherwise.

In the dead of night he would go from the home of one relative to another, whooping and singing, dropping rocks on their roofs and calling them out to answer foolish questions. They stood that until they were short on sleep and Christian charity, and then they ganged up and had him arrested on a charge of insanity, claiming that he had been kicked on the head by a mule when he was a lad and had never recovered.

When questioned in court as to the truth of that event in his shady past, he admitted that he had been kicked, and added, to the utter discomfiture of his relatives: "But that same darn mule kicked the rest of the Donnolly family."

A Reassurance

By K. L. R.

FOR military reasons, 1,000,000 young Americans who would normally acquire straw hats in the summer won't be purchasing that type of headgear this season. The tariff commission, however, reassures people who think the straw hat business is going to suffer, and states that the decrease in sales will be compensated by higher prices for women's hats "of more expensive material and more intricate patterns." It is good to know that the hatters won't lose money; but it's rather trying to the rest of us to realize that unusually large demands for a commodity will cause its price to soar, and that unusually small demands for a commodity will have the same affect. It looks like the interesting old game of "heads I win; tails you lose."

The American Press Humorists

Their Sixteenth Annual Convention at Chicago a Joyous Event

THE sixteenth annual convention of the American Press Humorists, held at Chicago the last week in June, was one of the most numerously-attended and generally-joyous in the history of that unique brotherhood of writers and artists. The weather throughout was propaganda for the local climate, and Chicago hospitality, always happily disposed, was wonderfully open-handed.

The events were planned by a local committee composed of Wilbur D. Nesbit, George Ade, Clifford Arrick, John Nicholas Beffel, Walter A. Bermingham, Ted Brown, Will J. Davis, William Donahey, Antoinette Donnelly, T. K. Hedrick, Ring W. Lardner, Frank King, Mary King, Jack Lait, D. J. Lavin, Richard Henry Little, Douglas Malloch, Charles H. McCulloch, John T. McCutcheon, J. P. McEvoy, Edward W. Miller, Carey Orr, Ralph Parlette, George E. Phair, Opie Reed, Penny Ross, Nate Salisbury, John C. Shaffer, Eugene T. Skinkle, Sidney Smith, Bert Leston Taylor, Wm. Lightfoot Visscher and Henry H. Windsor.

DOUGLAS MALLOCH, PRESIDENT, 1918-19.

On Monday, June 24, the party met at the Hotel Sherman and proceeded to Grant Park, where a chestnut-tree was planted at the foot of Randolph Street. A poem, "The Chestnut Tree," by Edwin Meade Robinson was read by "Ted," and various members interred in the upturned soil a lot of chestnuts that have worried the guild for years. Then at the Chicago Yacht Club hard by the humorists and guests were entertained at luncheon by Commodore Charles H. Thorne, whose welcome was briefly responded to by J. A. Waldron as president of the visiting body. Douglas Malloch, J. U. Higinbotham, Judd Mortimer Lewis and others made the party merry. After luncheon automobiles were taken to Graceland Cemetery, where a short memorial service was held at the grave of Eugene Field. William Chalmers Covert delivered a touching appreciation of the poet, Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher told of his association with Field, and J. A. Waldron placed a wreath on the grave, the silent tribute of the humorists. After an automobile tour of the city the party were guests of Henry H. Windsor, publisher of Cartoons Magazine, at a speechless dinner in the East Room of the Hotel LaSalle. The evening was spent at Cohan's Grand Opera House witnessing "Cohan's Revue" as guests of Manager Harry Ridings and George M. Cohan.

Tuesday's programme was filled with interest and amusement. Luncheon at the Chicago Press Club, where President Patterson resigned the chair to J. U. Higinbotham, and many happy acquaintances were made and renewed, was followed by an excursion to the National League Baseball Grounds, where the Cubs defeated the St. Louis team by a one-sided score. The evening was spent at the South Shore Country Club, the humorists being guests of the Forty Club of Chicago at a dinner-dance. Wilbur D. Nesbit was toastmaster, and his finished method and provocative wit tested the responsive faculty of guests and club members. The entertaining committee was: A. D. Plamondon, W. F. Juergens, W. H. Kidston, Douglas Malloch, W. J. Sutherland, J. P. McEvoy, W. O. Duntley and Edward W. Miller.

Wednesday furnished the most novel experience of the visitors. They left the city on a special North Shore Electric for the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where they were guests of the Commandant, Capt. W. A. Moffett. After "chow" at the officers' tables a wonderful review of 18,000 of the 38,000 jackies in camp was witnessed. No more inspiring sight could be imagined. Each regiment singing as it marched to the music of a band trained by John Philip Sousa, evoked cheers. When the white-clad mass was finally assembled the combined bands, numbering 1,000 or more instruments, awoke the echoes with martial melody, while Lieutenant Duncan Forbes circled and spiraled in an aeroplane over the multitude. After the review, the Ravine, a natural amphitheatre to be used for fistic bouts, was dedicated. At its bottom a ring was in full view of thousands of enthusiastic jackies and others who lined the sweeping sides. Ensign John Kennedy staged fifteen fast bouts, among the participants being several young professionals who are in the service. Between bouts the master of ceremonies induced J. A. Waldron, of JUDGE, and Kenneth C. Beaton ("K. C. B.") to enter the ring and be introduced. Each got a "rocket cheer," and some wag threw a set of gloves into the ring, but there was no extra bout.

At the Glen View Country Club in the evening the humorists were guests of John C. Shaffer, publisher of the Chicago Evening Post, at a dinner presided over by Managing Editor Julian Mason of that journal.

The annual business meeting was held Thursday morning, in the Rose Room of the Hotel Sherman, and these officers were elected for 1818–19: President, Douglas Malloch, American Lumberman, Chicago; Vice-President, Kenneth C. Beaton, New York American; Secretary-Treasurer, Grif Alexander, Philadelphia Ledger. Executive Committee: E. W. Miller, Chicago; Judd Mortimer Lewis, Houston Post; Thomas Augustine Daly, Philadelphia Ledger; Irvin S. Cobb, Ossining, N. Y.; Richard S. Graves, Tulsa, Okla., Democrat.

These new members were elected: E. C. Clark, Confectioners' Review, Chicago; Louis Richard, Columbus, Ind.; K. K. Knecht, Courier, Evansville, Ind.; Julian Mason, Chicago Evening Post; Ted Brown, Daily News; Antoinette Donnelly, Tribune, Chicago; Frank King, Don J. Lavin, Art Department, Chicago Tribune; J. P. McEvoy, P. F. Volland & Co., Chicago; George E. Phair, Nate Salisbury, Evening Post, Col. William Lightfoot Visscher, Henry H. Windsor, Cartoons Magazine, Chicago; Clifton E. Meek, Evening World, New York; George T. Pardy, New York; Christopher Morley, Philadelphia Ledger; Edna Ferber, Chicago; C. L. Rutt, News Press, St.

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Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. George Fitch, Cambridge, Ill.; Charles Schermerhorn, Times, Detroit; Tom P. Morgan, Rogers, Arkansas; Fred Myers, Daily Times, Indianapolis; Harry J. Westerman, Journal, Columbus, O.; L. M. Davis, News-Herald, Joplin, Mo.; Bart B. Howard, Oklahoma, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Lee Shippey, Star, Kansas City, Mo.; Gaar Williams, William H. Herschell, News, Indianapolis, Ind.; F. W. Hopkins, Wilmette, Ill.; Clad Thompson, Star, Kansas City, Mo.

There was a sharp contest for the next convention, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, Pa., entering the lists. Philadelphia won.

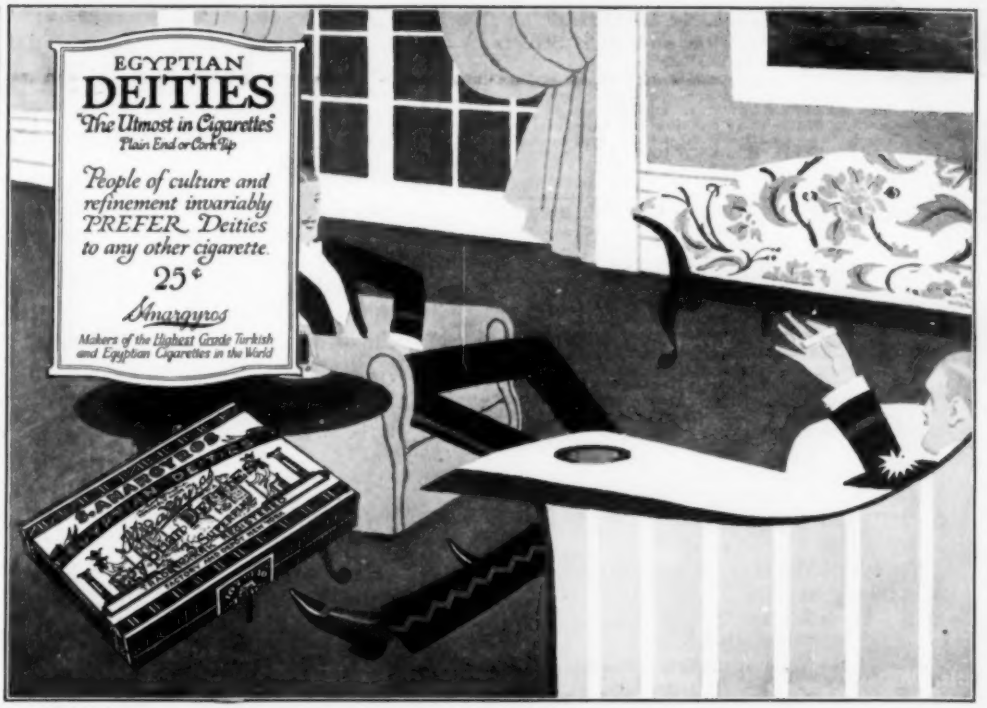
After the annual meeting, a luncheon was enjoyed at the plant of Wilson & Co., through courtesy of Thomas E. Wilson, and in the evening a dinner at the Chicago Athletic Association tendered by the Chicago Daily News, at which Business Manager Hopewell L. Rogers of that journal presided gracefully.

Friday there was a luncheon at the South Shore Country Club, the humorists being guests of John R. Thompson, who was also host at the Horse Show. In the evening the annual dinner of the humorists at the Hotel Sherman was as wittily riotous as usual.

The mental flashes between Douglas Malloch, J. U. Higinbotham, Judd Mortimer Lewis, "Ted" Robinson and Eddie Guest throughout the week at the various functions kept everybody happy, and K. C. Beaton, George Bingham, Kin Hubbard, Don Herold, Stanley Horn, Will. J. Johnson, Charles A. Leedy, John T. McCutcheon, W. Kee Maxwell, Dixon Merritt, Edward W. Miller, John J. Mundy, Fred Schaefer, Mr. and Mrs. William Donahey, and others contributed humorously to the joys of the event. Others present were Chi Gamble, William H. Miller, Mrs. Eddie Guest, Mrs. Fred Schaefer, Mrs. Higinbotham, Mrs. Don Herold, Mrs. Darrah Aldrich, Mrs. "Ted" Robinson, Mrs. Leedy, Marjorie Leedy, Mrs. Johnson, Warren Johnson, R. L. and Mrs. Pemberton, Mrs. Judd Mortimer Lewis and the Misses Marjorie and Jessamine Lewis, J. E. Sanford and Mrs. Sanford, J. N. Darling ("Ding") and Mrs. Darling, L. H. Gingles, Mrs. Gingles and Master Gingles.

The spirit of humor that characterizes all such gatherings was as dominant as ever throughout the week; yet at every function, and on every occasion, the spirit of the time—a keen, assertive patriotism—was manifest in speech, recitation and story, moving every gathering to cheers.

No week more enjoyable was ever experienced by the humorists. Yet there was one element of mystery. Who was the gentleman—truly an admirer of humorists and a lover of humor—who paid the hotel bills?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"NOT A THING TER DO BUT SIT AND CRY"

"Since Daddy Lef' "

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT'S awful lonesome on th' beach since daddy went away,
I jus' sit an' think an' think of how we used ter play—
There's no one near ter jounce me up, or dip me in th' sea,
It seems as if there's nothin' lef' upon th' world but me!

It's awful lonesome on th' beach since daddy went ter war,
I never knew how much my daddy meant to me before;
For now there's not a thing ter do but sit an' watch th' sea,
An cry an' wonder when he'll come a-sailing back ter me!

WANTED—AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK OF SOME simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 129, Washington, D. C.

A Nut for Future Scientists to Crack

The descent of man having again been brought into question, it would be interesting to know the guesses of future ages on finding the Hohenzollern skull.

His Specialty

"Just notice how much that bow-legged man talks!"

"Yes. He seems to like to bandy words, doesn't he?"

Shame, Algy!

Algernon took no interest in all the war activities going on about him, until one afternoon he was forced to attend a Red Cross bazaar. While there he noticed two women rolling skeins of yarn into balls, and asked them what it was for. "Why," was the surprised answer, "this is what keeps the soldiers warm, so that they may be strong to fight the great battle for Liberty." Algy was puzzled and he replied, "Really?—but wouldn't you think they would get all tangled up in the silly stuff?"

That Boy Again!

The boy stood on the burning deck;
He didn't mind a bit.
He only stood because it was
Too warm for him to sit.
But though the flames about him roared,
This lad showed no dismay
For he was only acting in
A Naval Photoplay!

Disillusionment

First woman voter—That lecturer said we women are the balance of power.

Second woman voter—Yes—and the very next morning I got a notice from the bank that my balance was overdrawn.

The Critic's Comment

"Old Spooner is married again, I see;
The fourth time he has wed;
He has a soft spot in his heart—or stay!
Perhaps it's in his head!"

Note and Query

It's up to the Austrian people to take the "Hun" out of Hungary.

Speaking of farmerettes, chauffeurettes, etc., will there ever be plain-clothes women?

Of course you ordered your coal. But did you get it?

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See?

Mac—A man fell from a six-story window yesterday and didn't get hurt.

Duff—What is he, an aviator?

Mac—No. But you see he had on a light fall suit.—*Orange Peel.*

Starvation Diet

First Moth—Why so thin and emaciated this spring, brother?

Second Ditto—I was shut up all winter with a young lady's bathing suit. Not another bite to eat in the closet!—*Punch Bowl.*

Page Him!

Encina—That guy looks as if he had just stepped out of a novel.

Row—Yes; he's from our chapter.—*Chaparral.*

Superfluous

Rastus—Dis yeah's a bahrometeh, Mandy.

Mandy—Wha's that foh?

Rastus—To tel when it's going tuh rain.

Mandy—Niggeh, wha's your rheumatism foh, anyway?—*Panther.*

Logical

She—I never could see why they call a boat "she."

He—Evidently you never tried to steer one.—*Widow.*

Private Peat—When I took my hat to be cleaned the man put it on a wooden block.

Sergeant Empey—Isn't that what it is usually on?—*Yale Record.*

With the College Wits
Irrepressible, Joyous, Irresponsible

The Date

"What's the date of today?"

"The fifteenth."

"Of this month?"—*Lampoon.*

Of Course

Prof—What part of history is the hardest?

Stude—The stone age, I suppose.—*Awgwan.*

De Lyle

"She's something of a blue-stocking."

"Clarence, you certainly are observing."—*Gargoyle.*

Practice

He (who has taken French A)—Ah! je t'adore.

She—Aw, shut it yourself; you left it open!—*Lampoon.*

Pierre—Think of me as the sturdy oak, and you as the clinging vine, my sweet.

Pierrot—Yes. But be a live oak, dear!—*Pelican.*

On the Naval Cruise

"Well, what do you want?"

"Please, suh, a little green oil for the starboard light."—*Lampoon.*

Just Now and Then

I met her, you know—no matter how.
And kissed her, I think—no matter when.
You see it doesn't matter now!
In fact, it didn't matter then.
At a dance or dinner or some such thing,
We met—and I guess I gave her a ring,
And kissed her, I think—or made a bow,
And there I was—"engaged again!"
Oh, well, it doesn't matter now,
In fact, it didn't matter then.—*Awgwan.*

Irony of Fate

Sibley, '20—I understand that the next draft will be made entirely by machinery.

Sibley, '18—Sort of a mechanical drawing, eh?—*Widow.*

And She's a Diver, Too

"Do you know why Geraldine had to go to the hospital?"

"Yes; she bragged that she could hold her breath while a couple of movie-players were kissing, and of course she failed."—*Gargoyle.*

At the Zoo

First Student—'Sneagle.

Second Student—'Snot an eagle. 'Snork.

First Student—'Snot a Snork. 'Snowl.

Second Student—'sneither, 'snostrich.—*Awgwan.*

To bad, to bad. What drove him insane?

He started studying Japanese so he could understand military commands.

Yes?

Yes, and when he found they were really English, you know, the shock was to much for him.—*Purple Cow*

Caught With the Goods

The Honorable—My boy, do you realize how great is the solemnity of an oath, before you commit yourself?

The Boy—Why—why yes, sir. I caddied for you last Sunday.—*Widow.*

For His Country

"And what have you done for your country, my man?"

"Kept out of the army so I wouldn't be takin' the place of a man who was a better fighter than I am."—*Jack O'Lantern.*

Then

When you've bats in your belfry that flut,
When your comprenez-vous rope is cut,
When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome—
Then your head's not a head; it's a nut.

—*Awgwan.*

Smooth

He stole a kiss
And the angry miss
Exclaimed "I like your cheek."
"That's good," said he,
"I shave you see,
Each morning of the week."

—*Pelican.*

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"Poison—a Bullet, or—The Sword!"

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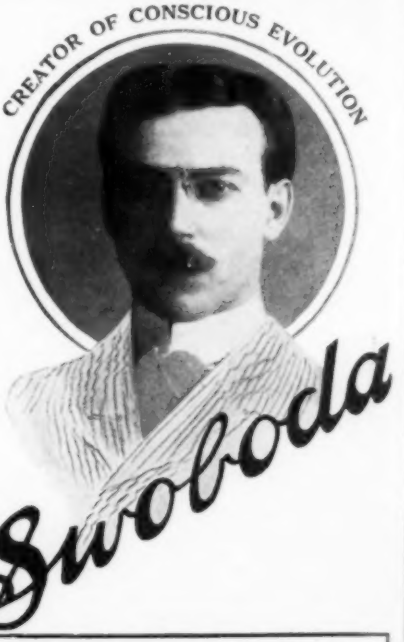

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I know that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys and benefits of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is that no matter who you are, I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development, and a higher realization of life, success, joy and happiness.

Why Not Live the Wonderful Life?

Conscious Evolution means a genuine and unusual satisfaction and joy in living, eating, sleeping, working, thinking, breathing, digesting, and succeeding in every function and action. It means an enthusiasm of mind over the prospects of the day to come. It means a full realization of one's superior capacities and an inevitable joy in their possession. It means an entire freedom from fear, depression, worry, weakness and the inhibitory negative influences of life. It means a further development of the positive and aggressive characteristics. It means a greater adaptability of the body and greater breadth of mind, a finer reasoning faculty, and a higher conception and realization of life. It means mental and physical life intensified. It means cheerfulness, liveliness, hopefulness, happiness, joy and success. It means a greater ability to satisfy all desires.

Conscious Evolution must not be confused with Medical Practice, or with any purely Mental Science, Speculative Science, Psychology, Christian Science, Theosophy, Hindoo Philosophies, Self-Hypnosis, New Thought, or any other conceptually symbolic systems of the secondary and tertiary type, complexed by ill-equation. Conscious Evolution is a real science—a science of reality, a demonstrable science, an exact science, a science of the evolution of energy. Conscious Evolution is the science of self-evolutionary creation. Conscious Evolution is the beginning of a new era for the human race.

Hundreds of Physicians have helped themselves to Better Health and Better Personality through Conscious Evolution. Why not you?

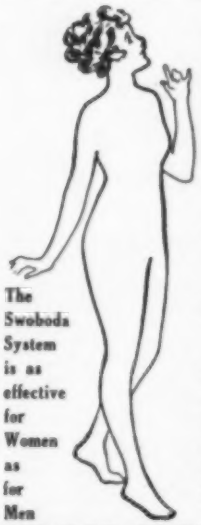
CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION MEANS MORE MONEY FOR YOU, MORE ENERGY FOR YOU, MORE VITALITY FOR YOU, MORE SUCCESS FOR YOU, AND THUS MORE PLEASURE AND JOY FOR YOU.

These Amazing Books Are For You

Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Charles E. Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, Dr. J. H. Jowett—but write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. They are big books filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.

"Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" will show you how you can increase the pleasures of life to a maximum—how to intensify them and how to make your life more profitable, pleasurable and joyous.

"Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" are the A, B, C of evolution and persistent youth. These books explain Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. They explain the Swoboda theory and the laws of mind and body. They startle, educate and enlighten. They explain as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body.



The Swoboda System is as effective for Women as for Men

Regardless of how young you may feel, or how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in these startling new books.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivation and revitalizing intensively every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it, or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion from them, you will have been repaid a thousand fold for having read them. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, these books are absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

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If what is claimed for Conscious Evolution. by my pupils and by myself, is true, then by all means, you cannot afford—no one can afford—no human being can afford to deny self its great advantages.

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